

The Layton

THE

L I F E

12551
OF 12551. See. 9

THE SWEDISH COUNTESS
de G * * *

Written in GERMAN, by the late ingenious

C. F. G E L L E R T,

PROFESSOR OF LEIPSIC. 10

Translated from the GERMAN, by the
Rev. Mr. N * * * * *

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN DONALDSON, the Corner of
ARUNDEL STREET, No. 195, in the
STRAND.

M DCC LXXVI.

THE

LIBRARY

OF

The Swedish Consulate

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Consulate General



Trinidad and Tobago

Rev. Mr. J. J. J.

LONDON

Printed for JOHN DODDSON, at the

Academy Street, No. 10.

1844

Printed

The Translator thinks it superfluous to add any thing further to this Tract, than that the Author thereof is the late celebrated Professor GEL-
LERT, whose Character as an elegant, sprightly, and nervous Writer, is universally established throughout GERMANY.

The Translator thinks it superfluous to add any thing further to this First Edition than the Author thereof is the late celebrated Professor Grotius, whose Character is an elegant, lively, and nervous Writer, is universally established throughout GERMANY.

L I F E

OF THE

SWEDISH COUNTESS

de G

PERHAPS I should be as eloquent and loquacious in describing my genealogy, as others, if I knew much about it. My parents died in my infancy; and I have heard nothing further related of my father, than that he was a Livonian nobleman, of a small fortune.

B

My

My uncle, who likewise was a nobleman, and a person of great learning, took me, after my father's decease, to live with him at his estate in the country, and educated me till my sixteenth year. I have not to this day forgot the words he spoke to his lady, when she asked him how he would have my education conducted. In the forenoon (he said) she must be instructed as a man, and in the afternoon like a woman. My aunt loved me tenderly, because she had no daughter of her own, and did not like that I should learn languages, and other pedantries, as she called them, like young gentlemen. She would fain have spared me this trouble, but her consort would not. Don't be afraid (saith he) the young lady will not learn too much. She shall only be wise, but not learned. She is not rich, and consequently none but a sensible man will marry her. And if she will please him, and make his life comfortable, she must

must be wife, virtuous, and polite. This honourable man spared no cost on me, and I should certainly have attained the use of my reason more early if his lady had died some years sooner. She did not leave me ignorant of housewifery; but she put at the same time such a fondness of gallantry into my head, by which one may easily become a proud fool. I was to be sure young, but still old enough to assume a vanity, to which our sex seems addicted. But fortunately my aunt died before I reached my tenth year, and by her death gave my uncle liberty to educate me with the greater care, and to efface the bad impressions which her conversation and example had made on me. I had by nature a good heart; and therefore he needed not so much to resist as to rouse my inclinations. He lent me his understanding to bring my heart into right order, and turned my desires by degrees, from such things as captivate the eyes, to those which constitute

constitute the greatness of the soul. He saw that I knew how pretty I was—therefore he taught me the true worth of man, and a relish for such qualities that are more rewarded by a secret consent of reason and conscience, than by being universally admired. Let none suppose that he went thro' a sublime and profound philosophy with me. O no! He instilled religion in a reasonable manner, and convinced me of the great advantages of virtue, which accrues to us in every station; in prosperity and adversity, at death and in eternity. He possessed a dexterity to inculcate these truths, not so much into my memory as my understanding. And to these instructions it is owing, that in my riper years I have not looked upon virtue as a tedious duty, but as the most agreeable companion, that helps to make our pilgrimage easy thro' this world. And I am firmly persuaded, that religion, if fundamentally understood, can brighten
our

our understanding in as excellent a manner as it reforms the heart. Yea, many people would have more understanding in the management of the usual occupations of their different callings, if it had been properly inculcated by instructions of religion. I dared believe nothing on my uncle's word; yea he commanded me to doubt so long of certain things, until I should obtain greater insight. In one word, my uncle did not teach me the wisdom with which we make a parade in company, or, when it is pushed far, satisfies our vanity for a while, but that which penetrates into the heart, and makes us mannerly, affectionate, generous, resigned, and content in every situation. I should do nothing else than prove, that my uncle had but poorly obtained his good aim with me, if I should appropriate all these good qualifications to myself, and force them upon the reader as my own character. It will be the best, that I neither

praise nor blame myself, and leave it to my reader's option, what idea he will form from my relation, of the situation of my mind. I am afraid, that if I determined my virtues and weaknesses ever so sincerely, I should not be able to escape a suspicion of self-love, or the charge of a proud humility.

I was sixteen years of age, when I was married to the Swedish Count de G***. It was brought about in the following manner. The Count had estates in Livonia, contiguous to my father's mansion-house. The year before our marriage, the Count came with his father out of Sweden to view his estates. He had seen and conversed with me several times at my uncle's. I had pleased him without studying it. I was poor. How then could it enter into my thoughts to shackle a Count, who was very rich, handsome, in favour at court, a colonel of a regiment, and perhaps not unacceptable to a princess?

cess? But that I did not endeavour to attract him, was my good fortune. I behaved in an easy, natural and unreserved manner, as I had no thoughts of conquering his heart. If I had intended to charm him, I must have appeared anxious and reserved. Indeed my heart was taken with him; but as much as I secretly wished to have him, yet I deemed it impossible ever to possess him.

After a year was elapsed he wrote to me, and the whole contents of his letter was, whether I could resolve to be his spouse, and follow him to Sweden. His heart was already excessively agreeable to me, and the noble manner in which he made the proposals, rendered him still more agreeable to me. There is a certain manner of expressing love, which is quite bewitching. The understanding is not so active—the heart speaks almost alone. What I would say, may perhaps appear best from the following letter itself:

Madam !

“MADAM!

Be not frightened at my confession: and if you should be startled at my boldness, please to consider whether this fault may not be an effect of my sincerity. Let me speak out! But what shall I say? I love you, and that is all. From the first moment that I saw and conversed with you, a year ago, I have loved you. I own that I have strove to forget you, since the circumstances in my country seem to require it; but all my labour has been in vain, and has only served to convince me the more of the steadiness of my love, and of your merit. Is it possible that you can be offended at my affection? No; why should the love of a man be unacceptable, whose friendship has not been displeasing. But will you permit me to speak more explicitly. May I ask, whether you will favour me with your love, and follow me to Sweden

as

as my spouse? You are too magnanimous not to answer a question on which my whole tranquillity depends. My dearest friend! why can I not know this moment, whether I deserve your favour, whether I may hope? Consider what you can answer a lover, without the least constraint, who places his greatest merit in his affection and esteem for you. I will not over-hurry your heart. I leave you as much time as you desire. But I must at the same time own, that every moment will appear too long, till I know my destiny. How earnestly should I solicit your love, if I was only to follow my feelings and wishes! But your love is of too much consequence to me, to be indebted to any other motive, but your own free consent. As terrible as an unfavourable answer would be to me, so little will it however lessen my esteem and love for you. Should I for that reason hate a deserving lady, because she is not inclined to give me her heart

heart? No! I shall still continue to value her as my friend, and to pity myself. How hard it is for me to conclude this letter! How fain would I tell you a hundred times that I love you, that I love you incessantly, that I watch your every mien at reading this letter, from a desire to discover something favourable therein for me. Farewell! O! when will you return an answer?"

The Count's father had at the same time wrote to my uncle. In short, I was the bride of a truly deserving Count. I wish I could tell what passed in my heart from that time. I had never before been in love. How incredible will this appear to many of my fair readers? They will probably take me for a very simple creature, or imagine that I was destitute both of beauty and feeling, because I could not in my sixteenth year enumerate a dozen of love-intrigues. But I cannot help it. It may

may reflect honour or shame upon me; yet it is certain that I till then had never been in love, tho' I had conversed with great numbers of young men. But now my heart begun all at once to be sensibly touched. My Count was at a distance of about 40 miles from me, but my love made him present with me. Nothing was more beautiful and more perfect than he. I wished for nothing but him. I often began conversing with him. He offered me, in my imagination, all sorts of caresses, and I refused accepting them with blushing. This will appear ridiculous to many, and I have not much to object against it. An innocent and tenderly enamoured bride is indeed a creature from another world, that cannot be viewed without astonishment. Her actions, her language, her mien, concur to betray her heart, the more she takes pains to conceal it. I scarce ate or drank for four weeks, and yet I preserved my vigour. I
 speak

Speak it in good earnest, I believe love can support us for a considerable time. I grew more attracting than before.

My uncle now took me along to Sweden. Several young ladies and gentlemen conducted me some miles, and I parted with them without much concern. We had a prosperous journey, on which nothing particular occurred, except that every moment seemed an age to me, till I beheld my Count. I arrived safe with my uncle at the estate of the Count. I found him more deserving than he appeared to me the year before. No wonder! I did not then know that he loved me; but now I knew it. A man generally speaking becomes more perfect and respectable in our eyes, the moment we know he loves us. And tho' he possess no particular pre-eminence, yet his regard for us is the perfection we admire in him. For how often do we love our-

selves.

selves in others? and whence should constancy in love be derived, if unsupported by our own satisfaction?

My bridegroom received me with every demonstration of tenderness; and I do not believe any creature can be happier than I was at his side. Our marriage was solemnized without pomp, in great stillness, but great delight. Many a lady may be at a loss how to reconcile these things. It is to please them, that I will give some account of our espousals. I had been a week in Sweden, and had recovered the fatigue of the journey, when my Count desired me to fix the day of our wedding. I assured him, that I could not obtain the honour of being his spouse too soon, but that no day would be more agreeable to me than that which he would be pleased to appoint. Without further ceremony the next day was fixed on. He came the next morning into my room and enquired whether I was still determined to become his

C

wife

wife to day ? I answered him with down-cast eyes, and a glad and meaning kiss. My attire was easy, but well chosen. Your dress pleases me exceedingly, said the Count to me. It fits your shape, and you make it pretty. I think you must not change your dress. If I please you, my dear Count, I replied, then my attire is pretty enough. Thus I was in my bridal dress without knowing it. We conversed together the whole forenoon, in the most affectionate manner. At last I sat down at my clavicord, and played half an hour ; and at my Count's request, and the impulse of my own heart, I accompanied the music with singing. At noon the Count's father (his mother and only sister were long dead) and my uncle entered ; and after their congratulations, told us, that the clergyman was come. We went down into the dining-room. The marriage-ceremony being soon over, we sat down to dinner, viz. we four and the

the clergyman. Our entertainment consisted of six or eight dishes. I dare say this simple solemnity will appear very poor and ridiculous, to many ladies. But for my part I was very well satisfied. I was easy, or to express myself better, tenderness banished all uneasiness, as there was nothing of that noise, which usually torments new-married people on their wedding-day. After dinner we took an airing, and paid a visit to Mr. R. who had accompanied my consort on his travels, and now had fixed his residence on a small estate contiguous to our's. My spouse bore a great affection for this gentleman. Here I bring you, he said, my dear wife. We have been married this day. Is it not true, I have made an excellent choice? You shall be witness of our happiness. Please to accompany us back. Thus we returned to our mansion-house without delay. In short: the evening passed away as agreeably as the day.

Now, I wonder at myself, that I have not described the person of my Count. He had a brownish complexion, and his eyes were so lively and fiery that they at first sight caused some fear, when exclusively viewed. But the other features of his countenance did so happily damp this fire, that nothing but magnanimity and sprightly tenderness shone in his mien. His figure was excellent. I will not attempt to proceed farther in my description. By a minute recital we often spoil the representation which we want to make of a handsome person. Enough, my Count was in my eyes the most beautiful man.

Not long after our marriage, my consort was ordered to join his regiment. His father, in order to make his absence tolerable to me, took me along to see his other estates. On one of them I found a young beautiful woman, who passed for the widow of the late steward. This
person

person had so many attracting qualities, that I liked her company from the first moment, and after a short time was inclined to be her friend. I desired her to come with me, and be my companion : She should not be my servant, but my good friend ; and when she did not chuse to stay with me any longer, I would amply provide for her. She received my offer with tears, but excused herself partly on account of her little son, and partly her love for retirement. In the mean time she stuck close to me, and shewed so much respect and affection for me, that I begged her a hundred times to tell me how I could serve her. But she refused all with a peculiar nobleness of mind, and asked nothing but my favour. The old Count wanted to return, and as the young widow conducted me to the coach, I saw a child looking out at the window of the lower story of the court ; I enquired whose it was ? The good woman was almost

most frightened out of her wits. She had told me that her son had lately had the small-pox. And to the end that I might not be surprized, she would not let me see him, notwithstanding all my intreaties. But now I saw that nothing ailed this child, and I would not rest till he was brought to me. Heaven! how astonished was I, to see in his face the very picture of my husband. I could not speak one word to the child. I kissed him, embraced his mother, and set off that very moment. The old Count perceived my consternation, and disclosed, with great sincerity, the whole mystery to me. The woman (saith he) whom you have seen, was the late favourite of your Consort. And if this confession offends you, please to turn your anger against me, and not my son. I am the cause. I have educated my son in a manner so peculiar, that it might appear in many respects extravagant to you. My son was
taught

taught to honour and love me, not so much as his father, as his friend. He needed fear nothing from me, except when he concealed the truth. He therefore owned every thing to me, and I by that means had frequent opportunities to draw him off from thousands of follies, before he had committed them, or at least before they were become habitual to him. I knew, that before I sent my son abroad, he loved a young lady of middling rank, whom my sister had taken to her as an orphan, and educated in company with her only daughter, because the girl possessed great vivacity. My son never concealed from me his regard for her. He asked my leave to take her along as his companion and friend on his travels. In short, I was too weak to refuse his request, or I consented on purpose, in order to limit him in the usual extravagancies of youth, by means of her company. And this is the

ver

very person you have seen, who passes for a widow. She possesses very great qualifications, and I have given her a portion of ten thousand dollars, that she may marry, if she pleases. I have also allotted a certain sum for the education of her son. And if this woman should in the least appear dangerous to you, I will in a few days send her to a more distant estate, and there provide for her in the best manner.

Let no one think that I began to hate a person that had been beloved by my Consort! No, I loved her, and my love mitigated my jealousy. I begged him to provide her a husband, and to send her to some distant place. At our return I found my Count at home. Tho' I was quite assured of his love, yet I could not rest, till I had obliged him by all sorts of little coldnesses, to pump out a mystery which my heart would not suffer me to disclose in vain. He was frightened, and
lamented

lamented his father's imprudence, that he had brought me to a place that could be so prejudicial to our tenderness. He gave orders that very moment to remove the young lady with her son, and to allow her all she desired for her support. This was done within eight days. I could desire no greater proof of his fidelity, and it was not possible for me to hate him one moment, on account of this affair, tho' I cannot deny that it gave me some small uneasiness.

He owned to me, that he certainly should have chosen that person for his wife, if he could have obtained permission from court. She did indeed deserve this honour as well as myself. I saw no pre-eminence in me, except my noble parentage. And O! how small is this advantage, if reasonably considered! She had not yielded to him out of light-mindedness. A prospect of marrying him, had induced her to surrender her heart to him.

him. His father had approved of his choice. She knew the heart of her generous lover. She was convinced of the sincerity of his affection. A lady under such circumstances, deserves rather compassion than censure. My Count related an anecdote of CAROLINE, so I will stile her for the future, which greatly magnifies her worth. As soon as she saw that he could not obtain consent to marry her, without incurring displeasure at court, she freely gave up her claim to his heart. He shewed me the following letter from her, which touched me greatly, on account of its generous sentiments:

“ My dear COUNT !

I am informed that your resolution of marrying me, causes you much perplexity. I pity you, because I am sure you love me, and that it costs you as hard a struggle to break your promises to me, as it does me to relinquish my pretensions to the
most

most generous and noble heart. But if I must lose my Count, I will lose him with honour. In short, my dear Count! I sacrifice my esteem and my ease to your station and your happiness, and now forget forever the flattering hope I once had of becoming your wife. You are free, and may chuse as you please. I am resigned, if I only see that you make a happy choice, and enjoy that contentment from your Confort which my love would have procured you. This, heaven knows, is my sincere wish. And what belongs further to the sincerity of such a wish, but that you love her! I do not blame you in the least. In my eyes you have kept your word; for I am convinced that you would never have receded, had it been in your option; nor shall I complain about myself. I have been your's on condition that you should once make a public declaration of it. Thus, with all my affection for you, I never sacrificed

ficed my virtue. No, the remembrance of my love, will always give me the greatest satisfaction, however melancholy my future destiny in the world may be. I desire you to marry, and to think of me for the future only as your friend. This reward I merit. I wish you well, and desire you would be pleased to give an asylum on one of your estates, for myself and my son, where I may live in quiet. You need say nothing farther to me. I remain by the determination, to convince you, that I prefer your happiness to my own. Adieu my dear Count."

Thus I was indebted to CAROLINE's generosity, for my preferment. She had not shewn herself to him, but once, after she had written the letter, and retired immediately to the estate where I found her. He assured me that he had not seen her for one year and a half, and I should not have begrudged her the happiness of seeing him
once

once more before he set out for Livonia, if circumstances had permitted.

My Count now redoubled his endeavours of pleasing me, and heaven knows that he was the most deserving person that can be imagined. He was virtuous and sensible before he commenced soldier, and therefore he had not in the least partook of that roughness, which is peculiar to that station of life. He was goodness and philanthropy itself, and yet he was so respected in his house, that the least beck of his eye had the effect of the strictest command. He seemed perfectly to obey me; it was not possible for him to deny me any thing. Every thing I liked was pleasing to him. Notwithstanding all this tenderness, he knew how to preserve a certain respect, so that I could not help consulting his pleasure more than my will, and in fact ordered nothing, but what he himself would have done, if he would have ordered any thing. He was very

D

orderly

orderly in all his affairs, and yet seldom tied himself to time. He laboured, when he found himself so disposed, and continued whilst in this disposition; but he could also break off, when he found no inclination to work. Consequently he was constantly cheerful, because he never toiled, and had always time for recreation, because he never squandered away his time in vain efforts. He had collected a considerable library. I understood French and some Latin and Italian. The library became in a short time, near my consort's side, my favourite place. He read to me the most interesting passages, out of the historical, witty, and moral books, and thus imperceptibly instilled into my mind his own taste. And tho' I could not always tell why certain things appeared beautiful or otherwise, yet my feeling was so exact, that I seldom deceived myself. Our married state was nothing but love, and our life nothing but pleasure.

pleasure. We had scarce any company but ourselves. My Count entertained me, and I him, and our aged father entertained us both. This venerable sage of 70 years, supplied the place of six persons. His knowledge of the world, his useful learning, his composed and honest heart made him always lively in his conversation. I can say, that for three years I never saw him discomposed, no not one hour; for so long did we enjoy his company before he died. O God! how edifying was his exit! seven days before his departure, his legs began to swell. The swelling encreased, and every day prognosticated his approaching end. He asked the physician how long he might last. Probably, was his answer, not above three days. Very well, replied the old Count, God be praised that my pilgrimage is drawing so near to its period. Thus I have only three days more to live, to give an account to my creator of my life spent

spent in this world. I cannot employ the remaining days better, than to set an example to my family, how happily and easily a Christian can die. He then called for all his servants. He praised their faithfulness, and exhorted them as a father, to have the fear of God always before their eyes. I, he continued, have been your lord and master. Death removes this difference, and I go into another world, where you will be placed in an equality with me, and receive the same reward and happiness for the performance of your duties, as I expect for mine. Farewell my children! whoever loves me, let him promise me, as the greatest pleasure you can give me, to follow my advice and instructions. He then ordered a sum of money to be distributed among them. This, and the following day he sent for his vassals and spoke to them in the same strain. He forgave them all the taxes and debts due to him; and every one

one was allowed to ask a favour of him. The number of poor was but small; for he had not withheld his benevolence from them, nor deferred it till his end. Their grief may easily be conceived. Every one bemoaned the loss of a father in him. The dying Count then inquired, if there be any one else in the house, that had not taken leave of him. I told him I knew of none, except the soldiers that waited on my consort. These also, he said, are my dear people; they ought before all others to learn to know what it is to die, since they have death daily before them. Let them come in! Upon this four men entered the chamber, whose eyes spoke intrepidity and fierceness. The old Count addressed them in an affectionate manner, and had scarce begun, before they all wept like children. He inquired how long they had served? They had borne arms above twenty years. O! said the old Count, you deserve rest after such a long fatigue.

My son shall grant you your dismissal ; and you may settle in my village, and I will allow you for life, the same pay you now have. One of them afterwards did a considerable service to my Count.

The night preceding his departure came on. He asked the Doctor once more how long he could live ; and heard with the greatest firmness, that he could scarce hold out twenty-four hours more. He then asked for something to eat. He ate and drank a glass of wine. Good God ! he said, it relishes now at my departure, as well as it did fifty years ago : had I not led a temperate life, I could not now enjoy this refreshment. Now, he continued, before I take my final leave of this world, I will sleep a few hours. He slept three hours. He then called for me, and requested me to fetch him a manuscript out of his bureau. This was a Journal of his life for forty years past ; which he desired me to read to him till day begun to dawn.

He

He then made a fervent prayer, and thanked God for all his love and favours enjoyed in this world, and entreated him, for the Redeemer's sake, to grant him everlasting happiness in the world to come. He embraced his son and me, and began to weep. These tears (saith he) are the first I have shed these forty years. They are no marks of fear or anxiety, but of love. You have made my life happy; but the happiness I expect after death, makes it bearable to take my leave of you. Be faithful in your love, and enjoy life, which providence has appointed for happiness and virtue. He then gave me some hints how to educate my children, in case I should have any. And, in these endeavours of making even his posterity happy, he departed.

We lived after this several years on our estate, with the greatest satisfaction imaginable. At last my Count received orders

ders to appear at Court, and I accompanied him.

I was scarce arrived at Court, before I was universally admired and careffed. None, it seemed, was so beautiful and admired as myself. In the midst of thousand flatterers I could scarce recollect myself. To my great misfortune my husband received orders to march, and I was obliged to stay. It was said I should soon follow him; but three months elapsed before I got sight of him again. All the philosophy my uncle, consort, and his father had taught me, was scarce sufficient to keep me from vanity and pride. The profuse honours heaped upon me from all quarters, were very dangerous for a young and handsome woman, on making her first appearance at Court.

A certain Prince of S**, a favourite at Court, who had a consort, and not the most honourable views in regard to me, tried to avail himself of my Count's absence.

fence. He shewed me uncommon respect on every occasion, and with a striking eclat. He ventured sometimes to give hints, which I detested and abhorred. But still I did not sufficiently resist the respect which he continually intermixed in his discourses. I was as faithful as a woman can be; but not strict enough in my outward deportment. This made the Prince more bold. He waited on me one afternoon without previous notice: he carressed and flattered me; but perceiving some liberty and rudeness in him, I said give me leave to notify to your spouse that you have honoured me with your company, in order to have the favour of her's also. She is already (he replied) in my mind present. And my Count, I answered, is also with me, altho' in the field. Upon which he made a cold compliment, and withdrew. How vindictive this Prince proved, the sequel will shew.

My

My Count returned, but was forbid to appear at Court. This was the first revenge of an incensed Prince. We retired to our estate. I disclosed to my consort, without reserve, the whole cause of his disgrace, and begged his pardon a thousand times. I can very well acquiesce (saith he) in my misfortune. You may safely continue to injure me by your virtue; and I shall all my lifetime thank you for it. I foresaw it that the court would prove dangerous to you; that you would be admired, and that you would scarce have presence of mind to withstand from the first moment, all the temptations of respectful flatteries. The disgrace I suffer, is nothing else but a sure proof, that I have a virtuous and highly deserving wife.

We lived as happy as ever in the country. And in order to feel the loss of our deceased father as little as possible, my Count took Mr. R**, the former companion on his travels, to our house. Tho'
still

still but a young gentleman, in a large company he was good for nothing, but to fill an empty place. When he saw many people, he seemed inanimate, and was dumb: but in conversation with three or four acquaintances, exceedingly agreeable. His reading was very extensive, and his discretion equally great. In regard to virtue and friendship, he was strict to excess. Melancholly as his mein was, he was tranquillity and resignation itself. But it seemed, as if he did not so much partake of the diversions himself, as to take pleasure in seeing others pleased. His study was to make all men reasonable, and to make reasonable men happy. For that reason he did not like great companies, because of the great restraint, and unnatural civilities attending them, which hinder a free and reasonable conversation. He remained disinterested in all his actions, and rather too indifferent about preferment and posts of honour.

Hypocrites

Hypocrites were his greatest enemies. And he believed that they were more pernicious to society, than all hereticks and libertines. He served a poor man with greater joy than a rich one. And when asked for his reason, he said, I am afraid the rich will repay me, and by a great reward force me to be a carrier of his opinions, and a furtherer of his passions. He had a clever servant, who only attended him a couple of hours every day. As he asked his master one day in our presence, if he had any employment for him: He said: Do you think you are in the world for no other end, than to mind my dress? Will you die as ignorant as you were born? When you are at leisure, sit down, and consider what man is; and you will find employment enough. He furnished him with several books: and when he helped to undress him, he must give an account how he had spent the day. Whoever is ashamed (he said) to make a man sensible

sensible and virtuous, because poor, doth not deserve to be called a man. My Count loved Mr. R** as his own brother, and we never resolved upon any thing of consequence without his advice.

About this time, my Count received orders for marching, Sweden being involved in war with Poland. Now my misery commenced. My consort was commanded to defend a narrow and dangerous pass; but was so unfortunate, as to lose it, together with his men. It was believed, that the prince of S** was at the bottom of this intrigue, with a view to ruin my husband. Therefore, my consort was tried, and being charged with not doing his duty to his utmost, he was sentenced to be beheaded. O! into what consternation was I thrown by the following letter from him!

“ Adieu, eternally adieu! my most beloved! It has been pleasing to providence to decree my death. It is not unexpect-

E

ted;

ed; but yet the manner of it would discourage me, if I fought my honour more in the applause of the world, than in a good conscience. Righteous God! I must die by the sword, because I am accused of not having used it properly for the defence of my country. Heaven knows, that I am innocent: the five wounds I received in my defence, testify that I did my duty. The Prince de S**, whom you have offended by your virtue, is undoubtedly the cause of my cruel death. Forgive him, for depriving you of your husband. It is a much less crime, than if he had robbed you of your virtue. Be content, my dear, and pray that I may encounter death with the same presence of mind that I now enjoy. My wounds are dangerous. Would to God they were mortal, that I might escape the reproach of suffering publicly as a malefactor. Five days hence, I shall be executed. Take leave of the honest Mr. R** in
my

my name. He will not desert you in your misfortunes. I have petitioned the king not to take my possessions from you; but question whether he will grant it. Be unconcerned my faithful friend! Fly whether you can, to escape the Prince's devices. Adieu, O! that the fifth day were come. O! why must I become a victim of my enemies? But it cannot be altered. I will meet death with fortitude. Adieu, once more most tenderly beloved! I feel this moment an extraordinary weakness seising my whole body. — The chaplain of my regiment calls; I will beg the favour of him to deliver you this. Take courage. I love you eternally, and shall certainly meet you in the next world."

I cannot possibly describe my anguish at reading this letter. Language is never poorer than when we want to express the feelings of love and pain. I have told the whole, when I own, that

I was

I was perfectly stunned for several days. All comforts drawn from reason and religion were ineffectual, and they rather increased my grief, because they could not remove it. The day fixed for my Count's execution, now came. What horror! I spent the whole day with tears and prayers, and felt more than once the fatal stroke, that should sever my husband's head from his body. None stood so faithfully by me in my distress, as honest Mr. R**. He complained and wept with me, and acquired by his grief and sympathy, so much advantage, that I listened to those consolations where-with he endeavoured to comfort me.

Within eight days the postillion of my husband arrived, and brought advice, that my Count died, three days before he was to suffer, of his wounds. Melancholly as this intelligence was, yet it alleviated in some measure my heart-felt pain. I exclaimed! As a hero he died of his wounds:

wounds: he was not obliged to see that horrible apparatus attending executions, which are worse than death itself: Now I am easy. I enquired whether he had been honourably interred; and was answered, that that could not be done, since the village, where he died, was attacked that very night by the enemy and the battalion that watched my fort, was forced to flee with great precipitation. In this retreat, the postillion followed, and the chaplain of my husband's regiment had procured him opportunity, by means of a detachment, to return, in order to bring me this news, and some of my consort's jewels.

The chaplain had also by a letter, advised me in my husband's Name, to leave Sweden as soon as possible, that I might not again be exposed to the Prince's lust or revenge. Before my husband's death, I heard that our estates were actually confiscated. I therefore resolved to flee,

E 3

and

and begged Mr. R * * to leave Sweden with me. We gave out that we only intended to visit the other estates, and took nothing along but the Chatouille, in which were a thousand ducats, jewels, lockets, &c. our capital my husband had lent to the crown. Our plate we left behind, and came in company with the above-mentioned messenger, and Mr. R * * 's servant, beyond the borders of the kingdom. We soon after were informed, that our goods were seized, and that we had been pursued several miles. We were now in Livonia; but still I was not safe. The prince wanted to have me in his power. My uncle, who conducted me to Sweden, was dead, and I knew not in what country I should seek a retreat. My conductor was my counsellor. He proposed Holland, because he had friends at Amsterdam, and he assured me, that I would like that place. Here, saith he, you can reside a few years, till circumstances

stances alter in Sweden. Perhaps you may succeed so far, by and by, as to recover, by petition, part of your husband's possessions.

My fear of falling into the revengeful prince's hands, made every other country more eligible than my own. I therefore resolved to go with him to Amsterdam, and I greatly wished, that my Count's late favourite might accompany me thither. We were eighteen miles distant from her habitation; for we supposed that she still resided on one of my consort's estates, which he possessed in Livonia. Mr. R * * set out to enquire after her. He was scarce gone, when the postillion informed me, that he had seen Caroline in the church of the village, where I lived incognito, but that he had not spoken with her. I sent him for her, and in a few hours I had her, to my great joy, with me. During the eight years that I had not seen her, she had lost something

thing of her attracting bloom, but nothing of her agreeableness. I told her my case, and asked her if she would go with me to Holland. She shed thousands of tears at my distress, and the love I still bore her. You behave (she said) with too great indulgence towards me. You shew me the greatest tenderness, and have perhaps reason to hate me. I esteem it my greatest misfortune, that I cannot follow you; for I have been ill this last year, for so long it is since I left your husband's estate, and removed hither, and you may easily see that it is not possible for me to perform such a long journey with you. Meanwhile, I swear to you, that in case I recover, nothing in the world shall hinder me from following you. And in order to convince you of the integrity of my promise, I will give you my son along, if it be not troublesome to you. He is with me. I have bought a small tenement in this village,

with

with the money your consort's father gave me; and I not only offer it to you, as your residence, but with the greatest pleasure, as your property. Would to God! you could live undiscovered with me—how happy should we be together! My desire to serve you would the sooner restore me to my health.

I ventured to go to her little habitation. I found no riches, no superfluity there; but order and conveniency, which testified the owner's good taste. In her best chamber, I found a number of good books, and she was so polite as to say, that they were her son's, though her own. They were French and Swedish books that my Count much valued; and I could easily guess to whom she was indebted for this good choice. My Count's picture was placed under the looking-glass. As soon as she perceived that it took my eye, she made a present of

of it to me, and owned that it was her own painting, for she had an excellent hand in miniature painting. I thought it cruelty to rob her of it; and therefore begged her to keep it, till she could draw another copy for me.

Her son was scarce thirteen years old. He was a fine sprightly boy. She had committed him in his tender years to the care of a proper person, and had only sent for him upon a visit of a few weeks, because she did not expect to survive her illness. She also gave me to understand, that she had had a daughter by my late spouse. She was delivered of her in Holland, and had left her with her brother, a merchant at Haag, partly at his request, and partly for other reasons; but she departed this life in her sixth year, as her brother had informed her. I could wish, she continued, that you would take up your abode with my brother in Holland, But, as far as I know, he is not in the best

best circumstances. I have had no account of him this long time, and do not know whether he has recovered his bankruptcy.

Mr. R** came meanwhile back from his vain expedition. It was high time to decamp from a place where we could no longer remain concealed. But before we set out, Mr. R**'s servant died, which was a great loss to us. This honest fellow gave his master four hundred ducats, before he expired. This money (saith he) I have acquired in your service, and by your generosity, and I am glad that I can return it to you again. I have to thank your goodness, your instructions, and example, that I can now die with confident resignation. I wish you had another servant in my place, in whom you could confide. So certain is it, that we may make the meanest human creature think nobly, provided we do not merely look upon him

him as a servant and a slave, but as a creature committed to our care, and born as well as ourselves to answer the Creator's universal design.

We now left Caroline, and set out in company with her son; and she promised, as soon as she had ordered her affairs, to follow us. We arrived safe and well at Amsterdam. Mr. R**'s uncle, with whom we intended to lodge, was dead, but his daughter was living. She knew Mr. R** as soon as she saw him; for he had travelled with my Count through Holland. She gave us a friendly reception, and her husband was also a sensible and obliging man. I disclosed my case to them, and begged them not only to conceal my rank, but to forget it, and to consider me only as an unfortunate friend. They had already been apprised by the Gazette, of my Count's fate: and if I had possessed no other qualifications, to excite regard and affection

tion in these people, my misfortunes would have been a strong recommendation. Yea, I perceived, that a great misfortune produces the same effect in the minds of many people, which prosperity doth: we are esteemed, because we have been great sufferers or losers, and our misfortune is made our merit; just as our good luck is deemed our perfection, though we have often had no hand in it. In a word, these people shewed me, before I knew them, more respect and favour, than I could expect. They gave the greatest part of their house to lodge in; but I chose only a couple of chambers. And in order not to be burthensome to these good people, I told Mr. R**, that I was inclined to turn my jewels into money, and to put the capital in trade with his cousin. He told me that he had disposed of the four hundred ducats, which his servant left him, in the same manner. Our good-natured host sold

F

my

my jewels for twelve thousand dollars, and said, instead of interest, he would give me a just proportion of the profit of his merchandize. This I declined, and proposed to him, to lodge and board me and my two companions for the interest. Here I lived as peaceably as I could wish. Mr. R** had Caroline's son with him: and since he had no employment, he assumed one, and educated this youth with as much care as a person can do who seeks his reward in his consciousness of noble views, and useful deeds. And O! how much would many great ones envy inferiors and un-applauded men, if they knew the reward, which the remembrance of their laudable views and good actions, is sure to bestow? He taught him the languages and sciences, and instilled into his mind the most exalted sentiments of religion and virtue. What his instructions could not effect, his example did. The scholar imitated his
 master,

master, and recompensed his pains, by a solid understanding and a good heart. I spent most of my time in study, if a lady may be allowed the expression without vanity. Commonly I spent an hour every day with our young scholar, and instructed him in the polite and genteel accomplishments of good breeding, which young men often rather learn from the ladies. I endeavoured by my earnestness to moderate his youthful fire. I became reserved to him, and acted different persons, that my conversation might not be too familiar to him, and that he might at every interview find something new. With my hostess's daughter, a girl of eight years of age, I spent many an hour. I taught her French, marking, knitting and singing. In short, I led a very quiet life. My host and his wife accommodated themselves to my taste, and learned from my conversation what amusements would be most pleasing to me. They
never

never introduced me into large companies. They never interrupted my solitude, except I chose to be interrupted. I neither needed to command nor to request a pleasure; I had only to chuse. In our house, I passed for a relation of the hostess. And those that conversed with me knew no better. My privacy did not oblige me to maintain the shining and troublesome character of a person of distinction; and this was a great advantage to me. Had it been known that I was a Countess, instead of admiring me, my qualifications would have been regarded only as the necessary appendages of my rank: or at most, I should then only have been respected, whereas now I was both respected and beloved, and my company desired.

I had now spent four years at Amsterdam, and at different times put Caroline in mind by letters, to come to me, and to put her in mind of her promise; but she

she stayed away. Her son was now to chuse his path of life, and shewed a preferable inclination for the army; and Mr. R** was so far from dissuading, that he rather encouraged his choice. Men of address and good breeding, he said, are no where more useful and needful than where there are many of the contrary stamp. I advise you to commence a soldier, and to shew that you can be intrepid, heroic, strict, and at the same time wise, prudent and affectionate. As long as you attend to religion and a good conscience; you cannot look upon death with indifference, but wait for it without fear, and never avoid it out of cowardice. This is true heroism. We bought him an ensign's commission; and he joined his regiment, which afterwards was stationed on the borders of Holland.

But now comes one of the most uncommon occurrences of my life, in which such as love rank, and do not know

human nature its tendency and properties, but measures it according to birth and rank among one another, will scarcely forgive my conduct. I was still in best years, and the gracefulness of my figure had not yet forsaken me, at least no otherwise than those slight touches in a delicate painting, that are scarcely mis-
 fed. Several Hollanders of good families and great fortunes courted me; but in vain. A person that had such an excellent comfort as I had, could not but be nice in my choice, and somewhat self-willed, in point of love. But though none of my lovers obtained their end, yet they stirred up the remembrance of the sweetness of love in me. Thou mayest think, in order to get rid of these gentry, I resolved upon a choice. This reason for marrying, is far-fetched indeed. Yet I pretend to adopt this maxim, because in fact I had in secret
 a choice

a choice. Mr. R * * came one afternoon into my apartment, and asked me whether I had yet resolved in regard to my choice of one of my suitors? Do you advise me, I said, to marry again? Not, said he, till I see your own heart has counselled you. You know my sincerity, and know also, that I esteem nothing to constitute happiness, which we do not desire and freely chuse. Among your many admirers, none pleases me better than Mr. Van H —; not because he is a man of letters, but because he has many advantages, abstractedly considered from his learning and weighty offices, that inspire love, and enable him to love. I am certainly in the right, when I affirm, that he is a truly deserving person; but still I would not have you build upon my judgment. It is true, I consider the man in the same point of view with yourself; but not with the same feelings. I love him as a friend, and as such he may be agreeable

agreeable to you, and worthy of your love; but it doth not follow for all that, that he can be equally acceptable in the quality of husband. The make of our heart is such, that it withdraws its love from an agreeable person, the very moment it is to be united in the closest bonds. Perhaps, continued he, another may be more acceptable to you as a husband, though he may please you well enough as a friend.

I assured him, that I would follow his advice, as soon as I had consulted my own inclination. Why, continued I, do not you marry? O! said he, I certainly should ere now, if my circumstances and love had advised me to marry. My love and my philosophy are at variance. A truly happy marriage, according to every dictate of sound reason, is undoubtedly the greatest happiness of social life. Shew me but a person that is suitable, and that will assure you, that
 she

she wishes to possess me; and I will presently, as soon as I know her, with the greatest satisfaction, chuse her a for wife. It is a duty incumbent on us all, to make life as agreeable and pleasant as possible. And if it is probable, that this end can be obtained by love, then we are bound to love and to marry. But, answered I, as long as I have known you, you have always appeared very indifferent towards our sex; How is it that you now speak in favour of love? I desire you, replied he, not to confound discretion with indifferency. I know a man's love may become as intolerable to another, as his hatred. From this motive I have been cautious, but not indifferent towards the fair sex. I know a person, said I, that loves you, and I do not believe that she is displeasing to you: but I do not know for all that, whether she is the person with whom you would enter into the closest union. He seemed startled, and asked ten times, who that

that person was. I kept him long in suspense, and at last promised to shew her to him in the afternoon. Accordingly I sent him my portrait, with a billet to this effect.

“ Thus did the person that loves you, look in her youth. At first she only entertained friendship and gratitude towards you. Time and your worth has changed these emotions into love. The dearest friend of my late consort, has the first claim to my heart. You have behaved in such a magnanimous and virtuous manner towards me, that I must love you. Answer me by a line. Don’t excuse yourself with your station in life. You have merit. What is inequality of rank to people of sense? We need not mind the unreasonable part of mankind, and nobody here knows any thing of my situation.”

That moment he flew to me. And that very man, who in my consort’s lifetime,
and

and after his death, had behaved as if he never would caress me, was now master of such address and demonstrations of tenderness, that I now should have begun to love him, if I had not loved him before. Now, said he, you have given me leave to let you see my heart. And now I can without imputation of a fault, own what my deep respect for you has hitherto suppressed. Heaven knows! I scarce could think of the happiness you now offer me: and if I even had entertained such a thought, yet my little self-love would never have permitted me to pursue it. There is now nothing remaining to complete my happiness, but that you convince me, that I am worthy of you, and then I will esteem myself the happiest of mortals. In short, we went to our hostess, and told her our determination, at which she, as well as her husband, rejoiced exceedingly. Our capitals had within six years increased to
double

double the sum, so that we could have lived quite comfortably upon it. But our friendly host would not let us leave his house. He kept our money, and behaved as before, in the most obliging manner. Thus. Mr. R** was now my spouse, or to speak in a less elevated stile, my dear husband. I loved him, I sincerely own, exceedingly, and as tenderly as my first consort. He equalled, if not surpassed him in genius, but as to person he did not come up to him. His figure was regular and proportionable, but he did not charm at the first sight. One, must have seen him several times, must have conversed with him, before any inclination to love him. But still I will not maintain, that he would have taken with ladies in general. Enough, he pleased me, and I found every day in his conversation, new reasons to love him. He was near forty years of age, and he had not altered in his looks from the
time

time I first saw him with my late Count. His quiet and orderly manner of living preserved him in health, as if he now first began to live. Who could be happier than we? Our happiness was unobserved by others, and the more quietly could we enjoy it. We lived without commanding and without obeying. We needed give no account of our actions, but to ourselves. We had more than we wanted, and consequently enough to do good unto others. Our company suited our inclination. We were retired in a most populous city. We could entertain ourselves with the noblest of amusements, reading and thinking. We studied without any one wondering at us. We studied for our own repose. And indeed, to comprise the whole in few words, our marriage had no other alternative, but to please and to be pleased. Many people cannot bear to hear the love of married persons so tenderly delineated,

G

because

because marriage often rather quenches than encreases love. But such persons do not know what wonders are wrought in the married state, by circumspection and prudence: these keep up love, and further its progress, as the heart by its motion the circulation of the blood. It is true that the same *degree* of tenderness cannot constantly be enjoyed in the married state; but if there be a true reciprocal love, it can be kept up in its full vivacity, to the latest years. Our sensations may in some measure abate, but this abatement signifies very little. That person has full satisfaction as long as he has so much as the measure of his feeling desires. In short, after many years, we were equally enamoured in one another, as when we began first to love. Let no man think, that because we were lovers of the sciences, we only loved our souls. Notwithstanding all my books, I always laughed at the metaphysical love of spirits.

The

The body belongs to our nature, as well as our soul. Whoever would persuade us, that he loves nothing else in a person but the perfection of his soul or spirit, such a one either speaks against his conscience, or does not know what he says. The sensual love that has the body for its only object, is the offspring of little souls. And the love to spirits, that only associates with the properties of the soul, is a phantom of some proud scholastic dreamers, who seem ashamed, that heaven has given them a body; and which, if brought to the test, they would part with greater reluctance than ten souls.

But I return to my relation. We notified our marriage to Charleson, Caroline's son, and invited him to pay us a visit if possible; for we had not seen him for four years. He informed us, that he was become lieutenant, that he was well, and that he had a few weeks ago married a young lady, who to please him had left the nunnery.

He

He could tell us nothing about her parentage, as she was put into the cloister in her sixth year, and was known there by the name of Mariane: she might possibly be descended from mean extraction, yet he thought her so much deserving his affection, that he only wished to rise in the world in order to raise her. For Charleson knew nothing further about his descent, than that his father was steward to my first Consort's estates, and died when he was young. He pressed us much to take a trip to Haag, as his quarters were in that neighbourhood. This news gave us more concern than joy. We apprehended there had been less consideration than love in that match. Meanwhile we sent him two hundred ducats, to enable him the better to regulate his family affairs. We promised to visit him as soon as the season of the year and my situation would permit, for I was brought to bed of a daughter. The following spring we set out for Haag;

we

we found in Charleson and his wife, a married pair deserving each other. Mariane was an exceeding handsome woman: her complexion fair, and had a pair of large blue languishing eyes, that seemed ashamed to be the betrayers of her affectionate heart. And if the other features of her face were not of equal beauty and symmetry; yet on account of her eyes, she merited the appellation of beauty. As for her good sense I will not say a great deal—she was educated in a cloister. Her harmless and upright heart, would have compensated a want of wit a thousand times, if she even had possessed less penetration than she actually did. The bashfulness of the Nun was still visible in her; and even this bashfulness comported itself so well with her innocence, that its absence would have been a loss. Yea I must say, that her bashfulness was part of her amiableness, just as a fault under certain circumstances can become a beauty.

I seek words in vain, to describe her affection for her husband. Let us represent to ourselves an agreeable, fiery, fresh-coloured man; for such was Charleson; and at the same time a young lady naturally affectionate, who from her infancy had been a Nun, in whom the sweet sensations were become the more powerful in proportion as they had been restrained and opposed by the rigid rules of chastity, and the intolerable discipline of a cloister — and the seemingly languishing and still flaming love of this young lady may in some measure be conceived. I was as well satisfied with Charleson's choice, as my husband; and we were so pleased with their contentment, that we could hardly leave them. We drew for money on Amsterdam, and tarried above a year with this happy couple. We wanted nothing here but Charleson's mother. We had letters from her, that she was recovered from her indisposition, and had hopes soon to be with us.

We

We sent the same postillion, that brought me the news of my Count's death, to meet and to conduct her to us. He had met her on the road, and she was with us before we were aware. She seemed to have grown young again; and her son's success and my contentment had given her new vigour and strength. But she told us frankly, that the joy she felt was too great to be of long duration; Mariane was delivered of a daughter. Even this added to our joy. But the greater reason we had to be satisfied with Mariane, the more desirous we grew of knowing something certain of her pedigree and extraction. Still were our endeavours fruitless in exploring this mystery. Mariane, out of love to her husband, had privately left the cloister, and we were obliged to use great precaution in this inquiry, not to expose her to danger. Those whom we sent to the cloister, returned with an answer, that Mariane's birth and connexions were unknown to them,

them, that she was brought to the cloister in her sixth year by a common man, who paid down a sum of money for her education, and had said nothing further than that she was the daughter of an unfortunate Hollander, who would not have her brought up in the protestant religion. Perhaps he might have entrusted more to the Abbess, but she was dead. In short we could learn nothing, and it might be, that those in the Cloister knew nothing with certainty of Mariane's family. For many children are brought into the Cloisters under fictitious names, and educated by persons unknown.

At last we were determined to return to Amsterdam. Our circumstances required this separation. Caroline accompanied us to Haag. Here she inquired if any person could give her an account of her brother Andrew. But she could learn nothing further, than what we knew already, viz. That after his wife's death he failed in trade,

trade, and having lost his substance, he went to the East Indies, to try his fortune there. We stayed in Haag some days, to receive a sum of money. And just as we were about setting out, we were informed by the Merchant who paid us our money, that some days ago a ship from the East Indies was arrived at Amsterdam, with which Mr. Andrew the Merchant, whom we had inquired after, was arrived, and had this day been with him. This intelligence was too important to continue our journey without seeing Mr. Andrew. But O! that we had never seen him in our lives! He came the next day to us. Caroline's first question was, why he had not wrote to her, before he went to the East Indies, about her daughter's death. Is Mariane dead! he cried. Why do you say Mariane; replied his sister. My daughter's name was Caroline, like mine. Where is she, is she not dead? O! that this were the will of God! I know

know it well enough, said Andrew, that her name was Caroline, but out of love to my wife, and because I had adopted her for my own child, I called her after my wife, Mariane. I will tell you the whole: but promise to forgive me all. My wife died, as I informed you, ten years ago. Mariane was likewise very ill, and I thought her lost. But she grew better. Meanwhile my bankruptcy obliged me to seek my fortune elsewhere. I went to the East Indies. You know I profess the Roman-Catholic Religion. I loved your, or rather my daughter Mariane with parental love. In order to educate her in my Religion, and also to make good provision for her, I took what I had, and without saying a word to any body, brought that dear child to a Cloister on the borders of the Austrian-Netherlands. I was just thinking of going thither, as you sent for me, to see if Mariane was still alive. I can stay no longer, I must know if she

she is alive. Come along, said he, to Caroline, we will this moment set out for the Cloister. In three days we can be back again. And without speaking one word more, they set out together. My husband and I had scarce courage to look at one another, much less to speak. A secret horror seized on my whole frame. O! God! what will be the end of this, said my husband at last. Mariane—the Cloister—and not far from the border. What amazing news is this! O! the unhappy Charleson! may my suspicion prove false this time! I wish Andrew were here, or rather that he had never returned from the East Indies! His presence will undoubtedly unfold the most melancholly secret to us, which should eternally have been concealed from us. Must not Caroline, instead of finding her daughter, be forced to tear her, as her own son's wife, out of his arms? With these terrible apprehensions we tormented ourselves, till

till Andrew returned with his sister Caroline. Their looks betrayed the thing to our inexpressible sorrow. Caroline was bathing in tears. She was inconsolable; and her brother, being of a sturdy temper, affected the stoic, and gave no outward signs of grief, but sat speechless. We could not get one word from them for a long while. They had, in short, learnt at the Cloister, that a Nun named Mariane, who on such a day (both day and year agreed) was conveyed to the Cloister, had privately left it a year and a half ago, and as far as they knew, was married to a young nobleman. What was to be done? Instead of returning to Amsterdam, we were obliged to go to Charleson's quarters. We all four now saw plainly, that the Nun could be none else but Charleson's wife. But a man must be unacquainted with the human heart, who thinks we had no subterfuge on this occasion. A catastrophe, the certainty of which terrifies and
the

the reverse rejoices, may appear ever so plausible, yet we have invention enough to make it doubtful. Should I, said Caroline, not know my child, my own child? Should it have no resemblance of me? And yet she had left it, when scarce a few months old.

A young nobleman, said my husband,—by the by, when did Charleson pretend to this dignity? He is certainly too discreet to assume a character which is not his birthright. No, no, said I, that cannot be. And suppose he had, why did he not own that he was an officer? Perhaps another child was brought to the Cloister that very year, of the same name. Andrew, whose philosophy did not induce him to go to the East Indies, was of opinion, that it was repugnant to nature, that two near relations could love one another. I believe we contradicted each other every moment on this journey, without perceiving it. Full of fear and trembling we ar-

H

rvied

rived at Charleson's. We had determined to be very cautious, and not divulge to them the cause of our return: we would only say that it was owing to Andrew, whom we had the pleasure to accompany. Suppose, we all said, Mariane is the true Mariane; would not that lovely pair fall into despair, in case we discovered the secret all at once? No, I continued, at that rate we should certainly kill Mariane. If she is the true Caroline, then I will intreat her to come with me for a while to Amsterdam; and then it will be best, not so much to lay open the secret to her, as rather to let her discover it herself. If Mariane knows it, then Charleson shall also know it. He shall never see her more in this world. This is the only comfort where-with we can assist him in his pitiable error. He knows religion, and will listen to reason. The daughter born of this unfortunate wedlock, I will educate, to the end that I may remove from Mariane's eyes this pledge

pledge of a most tender, but now unlawful affection. In these consultations we arrived at Charleson's house. He met us at the door, and received us most cordially. We brightened our faces in the best manner we could, and told him that Caroline's brother Andrew, whom we met at Haag, after his return from the East Indies, had prevailed on us to return. With a joyful welcome we entered the house to his Mariane. Andrew had scarce entered, when he fell upon Mariane's neck, and cried out with a lamentable tone, Mercy! mercy! it is she. Unhappy man that I am, I am the cause of all this. This was the result of our resolution, of being cautious. Caroline ran out at the door quite desperate. Mariane would disengage herself from Andrew; but he did not suffer her to go out his arms. I had not so much power over myself, that I could run to rescue her from him. Charleson remained on the same spot, asking

ing a hundred times what was the matter; my husband would have informed him but could not. - Mariane came at length running to me, and desired I should tell what it was. I began to speak without knowing what. I begged pardon. I assured them of my friendship. I embraced them—and that was all. Meanwhile, her husband came and would take her from my embraces. No, no, I cried, Mariane is not your wife, Mariane is your sister. That moment Mariane fainted away, and I awoke as out of a restless sleep. I and my husband were the first that recovered ourselves. We put Mariane to bed, and she recovered from one fainting fit, to fall into another. We scarce could bring her to herself the whole day.

My husband went out for Caroline, whom we had not seen since she left the room. He found her in the garden-house kneeling.—I hasten to the next day. The violence of our passions had subsided, and

and was succeeded with inexpressible grief. Tears and sighs that had yesterday been restrained by our consternation, had now their free course, and we sought comfort in complaints and compassion. Charles approached the bed of his Mariane, and with him sadness, fear, shame, repentance, and aggrieved tenderness. It was a moving scene to behold how these dear people behaved themselves towards each other. Religion commanded them to change their nuptial love into that between brother and sister, and their hearts desired the reverse. They had been exceedingly fond of one another. They were still in the honey-moon, and they must now dissolve that union. They had had no previous acquaintance, and therefore could derive no assistance from that confidence that usually extinguishes love between blood-relations.—Nature itself decided in their favour. How could they feel any thing in themselves that could condemn their love, when they

never had felt the attraction of relationship? O! my brother, cried Mariane, again and again, forsake me, forsake me! Unhappy husband, hate me! I am your sister. But O! no, my heart says nothing of this. I am yours, I am yours. We are united by marriage. God will not separate us. Her husband was in no better situation. He listened to the voice of sufferings, that he might turn a deaf ear to religion. He took care not to call her his sister. He called her his Mariane. He was inexhaustibly eloquent in uttering complaints, that touched the heart, because they came from the heart. In the midst of his lamentations, he began to philosophise, and as may be easily imagined, much in favour of self-interest. He proved that their marriage was allowable before God, though the world condemned it. And after all, he said nothing to the purpose, but repeated ten times successively, that they were publickly married, and that nothing but death could

could part them. He wished innumerable times, in the language of passion, that Andrew had died before he could draw a breath to discover this secret. Andrew sat, as if he was to hear sentence of death passed upon him. I am sure he would gladly have redeemed the destroyed tenderness of this loving pair, at the expence of some years of his life. Caroline at last stepped to Mariane's bed, and desired Charleson to withdraw. My daughter, said she, I have found you again, in order to tear you out of the arms of your brother. Would to God I had been excused this duty. Perhaps it is a punishment inflicted on me, because—but God has permitted it. You are both faultless: Your ignorance justifies your love, but now the certainty prohibits it. I am your mother, and love you as my children; but I abhor you if you prefer the bond of marriage to the bond of consanguinity. The address was good, but
too

too violent and untimely. It caused despair in them both. My husband chose a milder way to pacify their tender minds. He made use of a pretext, which in the hour of passion, has often as much effect as truth. He said, it was a case of conscience, which we could not well decide. We would leave it to the decision of some able divines. He believed the marriage may be ratified. This proved a palliative to lessen their anguish, and at the same time opposed their love. They resolved to submit themselves to the verdict of divines; but most certainly not out of conviction, but from a desire the more freely to pursue their inclinations. We improved mean while their determination; and encouraged Mariane to follow us to Amsterdam, as soon as circumstances would permit: who knows but a dispensation may be obtained from Rome? Her husband was to desire half a year's furlough, and when obtained, follow us.

They

They seemed both to acquiesce. Some days being elapsed, Mariane was ready to go with us. Just as we were preparing to set off, Charleson received orders immediately to join his regiment, at the risque of forfeiting his place, because it was to march. This had a different effect. Charleson was glad, and Mariane grew dejected anew. Scarce had she seen his compliance with his orders, before she loaded him with the heaviest charges. She called him an unfaithful creature, that wanted to get rid of her. Could any one believe, that a woman, knowing that her husband was her brother, should fall into such suspicion? But what is impossible in love, and in a dream? We now saw too clearly, how vehemently Mariane loved her husband, and that she had determined nothing less in her heart, than to part with him: Charleson assured her with the greatest imprecations, that he still loved her most tenderly.

tenderly, and that he was glad of his orders, merely because he looked on it as an incident, appointed by heaven, to decide his affairs. Perhaps I may lose my life, if it comes to a battle. In that case, who can be happier than we? Should I not esteem death less than the pain to see you, and to love you? And would you not rather be torn from me by violence, than suffer the pains of losing me by choice, and still never obtain the liberty of your love? Be of good cheer, dearest Mariane! if I return, it shall be a token that heaven approves our marriage. If I lose my life, it shall be a proof, that you have lost a man, that was only your brother, and should not be your husband. How great are the services, which error administers in certain circumstances? And how good is it often, that we have the happiness of deceiving ourselves? Indeed, Charleson's error was excellent with regard to its consequences. It paci-
fied

fied him, and at last Mariane too. They submitted their fate to heaven, and promised to themselves, from such a judge, nothing but what they wished for. They begged God's assistance, as if they had been injured by men. In short, they were full of confidence and hope, which no truth in the world could have effected. Charleson went to the camp, as if he should win Mariane in battle; and Mariane was so firm, as if she let him go, in order to enjoy him for ever. As soon as he was gone, she followed us cheerfully, with her daughter and her mother, to Amsterdam. Andrew, who had gained some substance in the East Indies, remained at Haag, to enter into business anew, to which Caroline added part of the money she had brought with her out of Germany. We found our good host at Amsterdam in the same circumstances we had left him. We pretended that

Mariane

Mariane was Charleson's wife, and Caroline his mother.

After some months were elapsed, we were informed that Charleson was dead, not by the hands of the enemy, but of a fever. Caroline, I, and my husband pitied him; but when we considered his marriage, we felt joy, at the news of his death. For who could better determine their cause, than death? The decision of divines would undoubtedly have been against them; and Mariane and her husband would either not have left each other, or have led the most unhappy life without each other. But still we were concerned about Mariane. She had indeed resigned herself to the verdict of heaven; but in no other hope, than that it would be to her advantage. We saw, that Mariane's despair would awake anew. And yet she must be told of it. We called her into our chamber, and my husband took upon him to be the unwelcome messenger

messenger of her husband's death. Is it not true, Mariane! faith he, that you guess at what I am going to say? Here is a letter from the camp. Say no more, faith she, I know already the contents. My husband is dead. I am an unhappy woman! But still it is some alleviation to my grief, that heaven and not the world has deprived me of him. Now I see that God would not have it. How did he die? Was it in battle?

We were astonished at this unexpected resignation, that seemed to border on indifference. We had prepared comforts in reserve in our minds, which seemed now superfluous. But still we did not know whether we might trust Mariane. Meanwhile she was resigned and bemoaned the loss of her husband more by tears, than violent impatience and affliction. A few days after, we received another letter, and the direction was Charle-son's own hand. To tell the truth, I

I

was

was more frightened at the news that he was alive, than when I had heard that he was dead. Heaven! thought I, what will be the consequence of this? Charleson must on account of his sickness have left the army, and resigned his post. His love will call him back to his Mariane. But Mariane was quite beside herself for transport of joy. The letter was directed to her, and she did not open it directly. No! her pleasant restlessness did not allow her so much time. She kept it in her hands as an unknown treasure, till she had represented to her mind, how much joy it might contain. When she at last opened it, it was ten weeks older than the other which notified Charleson's death. In short, it was a farewell letter to Mariane. I will subjoin the copy:

“Dearest MARIANE!

For these four weeks I have not had one moment to recollect myself, and notify

tify to you my sickness. How happy am I, that I have been sick, and was so nigh unto death, without being sensible of either! how much must I have suffered on your account, if I had been sensible of my situation? God be praised for this manner of death? I am perfectly emaciated; and I look upon the moments since I am come to myself, as moments which God has granted me, to take one view more of the world and my own soul, and to think for the last time on futurity. Adieu! Mariane for ever! mourn not over me as your husband, but as your brother. Melancholly name! conceal from our daughter our fate, in case she should grow up. Keep it if possible, to yourself. My conscience doth not accuse me, that I have loved you; but I blame myself, that I would not cease from loving you, after the melancholly discovery. O God! how differently do we think on the death-bed, from what we think in our healthy

healthy days! what does not our reason see, and how much doth it not see, when our passions are still and weakened? Yes, yes, I die, I die with courage. But O! I must see you no more. I must leave you, dearest Mariane. I must die. What amazing sensations begin to rise in me! O! I can write no more!—Thus far I had wrote half an hour ago. I am now pacified again. Love for life has stirred in me the last time. Farewell! salute my mother, and both my generous friends. My best friend Dormund, whom you have often seen about me, is with me. He will not leave me till I am dead. If you can resolve to love again, please to remember, that your dying husband can propose none better than him. He will bring you my watch and your Portrait. The rest I have distributed among the poor soldiers. I feel death. Adieu!”

As soon as she saw that her hope had deceived her, she became inconsolable.

I will

I will not relate her deep anxiety, and the bad effects thereof on her and us. They were circumstances in which we could not but take share, because we were interwoven in them. In regard to our feelings they were weighty. But I should make a wrong conclusion, if I should think, that they must for that reason appear remarkable and affecting to the reader. I will therefore pass by a great part.

Tranquillity was now restored anew. It seemed as if heaven would make us rich by force. Our capitals produced more than we desired, and much more than we wanted. And I never once thought of recovering the money due to me from the crown of Sweden. I was much more happy when I did not remember that country: besides, it was quite exhausted and impoverished by the war. In short, I lived unknown and content: I was the wife of an agreeable and prudent man.

The misfortunes we had met with, had, as it were, unbound our minds, to taste rest with a double enjoyment. One might almost say, those who enjoy uninterrupted happiness, have no happiness at all. It is true, that misfortune in itself is not agreeable ; but it is nevertheless so, in its consequences and connexions. At least it resembles those medicines, that cause bodily pains, in order to make the body the healthier.

In the midst of our calm, that had lasted above one year, Mr. Dormund, Charleson's friend arrived, and brought Mariane the gold watch and portrait, mentioned in the letter. Mariane had often seen him with her husband; we had never seen him. But what further recommendation did he want, than that he was Charleson's best friend? He was a Hollander by birth, and his person was agreeable. He soon gained our confidence. He was a staff officer, had resigned, and would now live retired

retired on his rents. He was still young. He was no man of letters; but he was indebted to some books, and conversation with others, for a certain wit, that was very taking at first sight. He understood some languages, and spoke very good German. He had fixed his abode at Amsterdam, and we could see his intention plain enough. Mariane was his wish, and Mariane indeed deserved a man that had left both army and friends for her sake. She was still perfectly handsome. Her adversity had not in the least diminished her beauty, but had added to the charms of her mind. By conversation she was become doubly desirable. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, and in her first bloom. Dormund knew how to make himself acceptable. Perhaps she loved her husband in the person of his friend. In short, he won her heart. She came one day to me, and began with a very significant voice: Madam! I think it would have

have been well, if I had given Mr. Dormund, by way of remembrance, the gold watch which he brought me from my husband. I should certainly had done it, but for my portrait in it; but now I am afraid it will not do. I understood her language very well. Mariane, said I, why do you hesitate giving him your portrait, when you have in fact given him your heart? I perceive you would fain shew Mr. Dormund a favour, under pretence of gratitude, tho' the chief motive is love. I will soon help you out. Give me the watch, we shall soon find an opportunity of presenting it to him. The surrender of the heart, soon followed the delivery of the watch. Mariane and Dormund became one, and they seemed born for mutual felicity. And if Mariane at any time disturbed him, it proceeded always from a cause, which an husband will not easily take amiss. Jealousy was her fault, which our sex seems to inherit. I remember

Mariane

Mariane came once into my room in a flood of tears. She could not speak for grief, and I expected to hear some lamentable story. And what was it at last? She sighed over her husband's indifferency, and almost charged him with unfaithfulness. I inquired after the reason; and was told that her husband had just been writing letters, that she stepped up to the table and gave him a kiss, and that he neither returned the kiss, nor looked at her, but continued writing, as if he had no mind to see her. Who knows, said she further, to whom that unfaithful man is writing? Could you, said I, read nothing of his letter? No, nothing, but that the beginning was: "Dear Sir!" Who should think it possible that a sensible lady could want no stronger reason for jealousy than this. But still why do I ask? How often doth love take a little step beyond the limits of reason? And when this step is taken, it avails not that

that we have good sense. Generally speaking, most differences in the married state originate from littlenesses and trifles. In the beginning they are nothing; but in process of time, they take our imagination and other things to assistance, and become at last important reasons of indifference and jealousy.

Mariane had just been married about three years, when her husband fell dangerously ill. He endured excessive pains for two months; and it was plain that an uneasy mind oppressed him as much as his illness. He often entreated his wife to leave the room. He could not bear Caroline, much less Mariane's child, which she had by Charleson. My husband and I were to be his comforters. He wanted comfort, and we knew not the cause of his conflict, nor had we courage to ask him. His end seemed to draw nigh, and the physician announced it to him. About midnight he sent for us both. He wrestled with death.

Every

Every one besides must quit the room. Then he began with broken and forced words to curse himself and love, in the most horrible manner. O God ! how surprized were we ! He stiled himself the greatest evil-doer that the world ever beheld. I am, he cried, Charleson's murderer. With these hands of mine, I gave him poison, in order to possess Mariane. What judgment awaits me ! I am lost. I see him, I see him ! Destroy me, he cried. My husband desired he would recollect himself, he must be delirious. No ! no, he said, it is too true. My conscience has tormented me long enough. I am the murderer of one of the best of friends. I am barbarian, savage, wretch. Charleson recovered after he had wrote his last letter to Mariane ; but because I wished his death, and wanted Mariane, I gave him poison. My husband called all his religion and reason to assistance, to remove this unhappy man's despair ;

pair; but to no purpose. He desired to see Mariane once more, in order to disclose his wickedness to her. We begged him for God's sake, not to tell her a word of it; it would not help his conscience if he did, but by his confession murder her also. Mariane entered without being sent for. Dormund spoke to her, but she neither heard nor saw for grief. He took hold of her hand, and would repeat his horrible confession. I stopped his mouth. We began to pray and to sing. But he cried out the more. Mariane must know what he had done. He repeated his murder circumstantially. He appealed to the physician and surgeon of the regiment, who opened Charleson after his death, and found the poison, but believed he had poisoned himself. Mariane grew ravingly distracted. She uttered the most horrible words against him. We were obliged by force to carry her away. He slept two days and two nights without
any

any refreshment; and we believed he would never wake again; but he recovered. We went to him. We could not but hate him as a murderer; and yet universal philanthropy obliged us to pity him. He was easier than before, and begged thousands of pardons. He assured us, that if he remained alive he would not remain here as a spectre before our eyes, but seek a most distant retirement, where he might repent of his horrible deeds. He begged us not to let Mariane see him again. She was already in our house. Dormund living in the neighbourhood. Now we had enough to do to comfort Mariane; and could not visit Dormund for two days. But we heard he grew better. The third day my husband visited him, but Dormund was gone, and had left the following letter for him:

“I go as far as the vengeance of heaven will permit me. Mariane shall see me no
K more.

more. O God! into what misery can love seduce us! the shadow of my murdered friend will follow every step. But I will rather suffer all, than aggravate my crime by suicide. Curse my memory in your hearts—I deserve it; but do not display my shame to the world. I am punished enough, that I must part with Mariane, and two such noble friends. I will return to the camp; perhaps I may there lose a life that is a torment to me. My substance belongs to Mariane. May God reward you for the friendship you have shewn me in my sickness. But you have shewn kindness to a miscreant. I am not worthy of your pity.—O! unhappy Mariane?”

Dormund was gone, without our knowing whither. Mariane was fallen into a deep melancholly. She wept day and night, and we were obliged to open two veins. She slept in my room, and she assured me that she was much easier in her mind,

mind, and hoped to rest well this night. The morning verified this prophesy. As soon as I turned my eyes to her bed, I saw streams of blood running through her bed. What could I think but that the bandages had fallen off in her sleep? Mariane lay senseless and fainting. I cried for help, and bound up her veins. What appeared most alarming to me was, that the bandages seemed to have been loosened on purpose. Towards evening she revived a little. She owned that she had done it from a desire to die, and wished nothing more than that her end might soon draw nigh. She kissed me and sank down in a slumber, without speaking one word, and a few hours after she died.

I was exactly in the case of those that have been wounded in battle, and do not feel it till the danger is over. As soon as Mariane was dead my affliction commenced. I blamed myself that I had not been
more

more watchful over her in the night. But what human prudence can foresee every event! I had indeed persuaded Mariane to marry Dormund. I saw that he was the cause of her suicide. I thought on Mariane's fate in the other world. And I should have suffered a thousand times more, if my love for her had allowed me to think she was unhappy. Her mother was much more resigned than I. I do not know to what she owed her support; probably religion. She ascribed all to a divine permission, whose resources she could not explore. She comforted herself with the wisdom and goodness of her creator, and glorified her misfortunes by christian fortitude. It is certain that religion affords the greatest power of supporting us under adversities. Take away from an unfortunate man the hope of a better world, and he must certainly remain comfortless.

Our

Our troubles were again a little appeased. We tasted the peace of a quiet life again by degrees. We returned to our books, and love sweetened life, and deprived the melancholly recollections of past things of their force. My husband compiled at this time a book, entitled, "The wise man firm under misfortunes." About a quarter of a year after Mariane's death, our host died, his wife was already departed this life. This caused a great alteration in our situation. We were obliged to call in our capitals, which by Dormund's donation were greatly increased. This proved indeed a great incumbrance to us. Neither I nor my husband, nor Caroline, understood money-affairs. And I believe we would rather have given the half away, than have hoarded it up. Andrew had begun business again at Haag; we made him a present of some thousand dollars, and offered to put the half into his trade;

and with the other half we assisted good friends. If prudence in money-matters is a virtue without exception, then I must say, that we were often negligent in that respect. It sufficed us frequently to give, when we knew that the person that asked for it was honest, and stood in greater need of it than ourselves. A word was with my husband as a bank-bill. In this manner we lost, to be sure, a good deal of money; but we were for all that not cheated. Our debtors had good hearts, but small success. The more they saw our readiness to assist them, the more willing were they to pay. And by their uprightness and honesty they made us more liberal, even had we not been naturally so. It is incredible what pleasure it is to assist deserving men. And to me it appears a harder task to restrain our power of assisting others, than to gratify our inclination to serve,

At

At last, we left Amsterdam for various reasons, and moved, together with our daughter, Caroline and Charleson's daughter, to Mr. Andrew at Haag. Our deceased host left us his daughter as our own. Her we also took with us. Her fortune remained in Amsterdam in good hands. This young lady, about fifteen years of age, was not handsome, but had very good parts. She pleased, without knowing or thinking that she could please. Her politeness supplied the place of beauty. And if we are to chuse either a beauty that is not polite, or a polite one that is not handsome, we must decide in favour of the latter. I may say without vanity, that I had chiefly educated Florentine, for that was her name. And when I say that she possessed extraordinary talents, I claim no farther merit, than that I assisted in cultivating them. She improved much by conversing with Caroline and my husband. She grew up
more

more among men, than those of her own sex. This I esteem an advantage for the fair sex. For if it is true that men become genteel and well-bred by our company, then it is equally certain, that we become more wise and solid by their conversations. I do not mean such that are stiled galants, who hypocritically flatter and deify every girl, and by every action, and every word, yea every motion of their hands, bespeak insipid love. Such persons, to be sure, must not be young ladies' moralists, except we resolve to make young beauties turn fools. I should at least have been less pardonable, if I had not educated Florentine as well as could be, as I had leisure enough, and had her almost constantly about me since her seventh year. Her good qualifications made her afterwards the wife of a gentleman, who bore the highest offices in Holland, and whose exalted station was the least part of his respectable character,

rafter. I will speak of Florentine another time.

We had scarce been a few months at Haag when a ship arrived from Russia, with mercantile goods for Andrew. He invited us on board, to see the lading. We accepted the invitation, and met the ship, just as it was coming into the harbour.

Now I come to a period of my life that exceeds all that I have hitherto related. I must do violence to myself in relating it; it is with great reluctance I renew the representation of an occurrence that has cost me so dear. I know that it is the chief beauty of relating a thing, when it is done in such a manner, that the reader does not seem to read but to see the thing related, and with an extorted sensation place himself in the room of the person concerned. But I doubt of obtaining this aim. We met the ship as I have observed. There were twelve passengers and some Russians on board.
They

They all went on shore in our presence, and congratulated Mr. Andrew on the safe arrival of his ship, as they heard he was the owner thereof. Andrew, who was a great lover of naval affairs, heard them with great attention. But the time seemed long to me. I therefore stepped aside with my husband, and begged him that we might soon return home. As I was speaking to him, one of the passengers came running to me, embraced me, and said: Yes, yes, you are indeed the person; I could not at first trust mine own eyes; but you are my dear Consort. He pressed me some minutes so close to himself, that I could not see who it was, that shewed me this tenderness. Fear was also superadded, and I could not but believe it was a madman that caressed me. But heaven! whom did I at last espy in my arms? My Count in a Russian habit; my spouse whom I had thought ten years dead.—I cannot express what I felt.

Thus

This much I know, that I could not speak one word. My Count stood weeping. At last he cast his eyes on his late friend, my present husband. He embraced him; but I did not hear one word they spoke, or for consternation I could not understand what they said. Our coach was waiting. I ran to it without taking my two husbands with me, but they followed me. I embraced the Count numberless times in the coach; but what I said to him I know not. We were now in our apartments, and I began to come to myself again. My Count expressed uncommon joy that he had found me again, and in a place least expected. He told me a thousand times, that he loved me as tenderly as when he left me. His joy was the greater, because he had supposed I was dead, as I had not answered his letters. He believed I had been informed that he was living. In short, he had been as much in the dark about my circumstances,

cumstances, as I about his. Mr. R**
 had slipped away imperceptibly. Now we
 were alone. My Count related his ad-
 ventures, which I will repeat by and by,
 and entreated me to tell him my own; he
 asked me an hundred times, and I an-
 swered with tears and embraces. Love
 and shame made me speechless. I had
 found a Consort again, of whom I was
 exceedingly fond, and I was to part with
 one, whom I loved with equal tenderness.
 A person must feel it, who knows
 what it is to be attacked by two equal
 passions at the same time. My Count
 supposed something to his disadvantage
 from my anxiety. He insisted on my dis-
 closing to him his luck or misfortune.
 But in vain. What could I tell him but
 that I was married? I was silent and wept;
 but this was not explicit enough. Are
 you no more, saith he, my spouse? God
 forbid! rather my death than such news.
 That very moment my little daughter,

five

five years of age entered the chamber, and increased my consternation, and revealed the secret that I was afraid of disclosing. She saw me weeping; she drew near to me. What is the matter, my dear mama, she said, that you cry? I come just from my papa, and he cries too, and will not speak with me. I hope I have not offended you. My God, said the Count, are you married? Unhappy man that I am! Have I then found you, in order that I shall experience every martyrdom? Who is your spouse? I will torment you no longer by my presence. I will leave you immediately. You have not been unfaithful to me. You have thought I was dead. I do not blame you. Nothing but a destiny is the cause of my misfortune. Perhaps it is a punishment for my love to Caroline. Conquer yourself, continued he, and speak: I can hear it from none but yourself—who is your husband? I sprang from my chair, and threw myself into

L

his

his arms, without speaking one word. Not so, said he, shew me no affection. That I deserve it, my heart knows, but your present Consort can alone claim your love, and I must yield my love to providence and virtue. These expressions increased the agitations of my mind. At last he asked the child where her papa was, and why he did not come in? He came with you, she replied, in the coach——He sits in his room weeping. Is then my dearest friend, said the Count, your Consort? That makes my misfortune less intolerable. He then desired the child to call her papa. He did not appear, but sent by the child the following billet.

“My Dear COUNT!

I pity you exceedingly. I have injured you with the most innocent love, as if I was your enemy. I have deprived you of your spouse. Can you believe this of me? The error, or rather the certainty of your death, favoured me with the possession

fession of your Comfort. But your presence now condemns this otherwise virtuous bond. You are too generous, and we are too innocent, that you should punish us with your hatred. Our innocence lesseneth your misfortune; but still it does not altogether make it cease. My only punishment is by flying from you. I leave you, dearest Count, and shall be ashamed of myself as long as I live. Would to God, I could retrieve your loss by my absence, and the anxiety which I feel! remove the child from you that brings this letter, to the end that you may not have the memorial of your misfortunes before your eyes. If possible, at reading this, think on me the last time. You will never see me more.

The Count left me, as soon as he had read this letter, to seek my husband. But he was gone, and nobody knew where. This brought me into a new surprize. My whole heart was in a tumult. I had
 found

found my first Comfort, and knew I could not have them both ; but no impulse disregards reason so much as that of love. In my eyes it was a most terrible choice when I was considering whom to chuse. I belonged to the former as well as the latter. And nothing was so horrible to me as to part with either, tho' I was well convinced of the necessity thereof. Mr. R** was gone, and the Count would not be at rest till he had found him. He sent to the sea side, lest he might take the advantage of a ship. Meanwhile I had told him, that I had freely chosen Mr. R** for my husband, and that I did not know how to recompence his generous friendship, but by love. I know very well, said the Count, that neither you nor my friend have wronged me. It is a dispensation of providence that we cannot fathom. In a few hours Mr. R** returned. He was just ready to go with a ship. He thanked the Count in the most pathetic

pathetic terms, that he had called him back. I only want to take leave, saith he, of you and your lady. Allow me that pleasure; it will be the last in my life. He then took me by the hand, and led me to the Count. Here, saith he, I deliver to you your Consort, and change my love from this moment into respect. He then wanted to take leave; but the Count would not permit it. No, said he, remain with me. At your request I now renew my marriage with my lady in the tenderest manner. She is as precious to me as ever. Her heart has invariably remained noble and constant. She did not know that I was alive. No! my friend, stay with us. If you will leave us for fear I may grow jealous, then you wound mine and my lady's confidence. Intreat him, madam! said he to me, to stay! I had scarce power to say to him, Why will you leave us? My dear Consort begs it as a favour. And I must never have loved you, if your distance should be indif-

ferent to me. Stay at least at Amsterdam; if you will not stay at our house. I shall always love you, and tho' I shall no more be your's, yet my esteem and love for my Consort does not forbid me to give you continual marks of my respect and friendship. At our request he continued at Amsterdam. He often dined with us, and his deportment was as noble as possibly could be conceived. Even suppose I had been less virtuous, yet his magnanimous behaviour would have made me so. He never shewed as if he had been my husband. He suppressed every word and action that could tend that way. His conduct towards me was now the same as before we were married. He entertained me with friendship and respect, and furthered mine and my Count's happiness at the expence of his own. He frequently spent whole days with me. I believe I should have been weak enough to have listned,
if

if he had mentioned times past. And who knows whether I did not against my will make him a silent confession of my love, by my frequent looks, notwithstanding my good conscience, and my unfeigned love for my Count. But Caroline's presence alarmed my Count. He would rather she was removed to some distance. But I begged him not to deprive me of her company. If you can trust my virtue, said I to him, you may depend on my being assured of your's. The misfortune that had befallen the two children he had had by Caroline, caused him frequent dejection for hours together. Meanwhile he behaved complaisantly towards her. He often joked with us both ; But his banter was so cautious, that he neither grieved her nor offended me. Now I must only relate briefly some particulars concerning the interval of my Count's absence. The Russians had taken the town where he lay sick unto death, and
 where

where the Swedes had left him for dead. As he gradually recovered, he was sent among the imprisoned officers to Russia. He concealed his name, for fear of being exchanged to Sweden, and passed only for a Captain. I shall relate his five years sufferings and adventures in Siberia. The poor Count there endured great hardships indeed.

I am too sensibly touched with the misery which the Count suffered in Russia, to relate it at large, and in due order. But I need not take that trouble. Half a year after his return, I received two of the letters he wrote in his imprisonment. He had directed the first to a Clergyman who resided on his estates in Livonia, but he could not learn where I resided. A Jew brought me the other, as the sequel will shew. These letters contain the greatest part of the incidents he met with in
Moscow

Moscau and Siberia. I will insert them without alteration. We generally take more share in an occurrence when related by the very person whom it concerns. The letters will display the Count's noble character, and his invariable love for me. O! how great has it been? And at the very time when he loved me with so much tenderness, and felt every thing for me that could increase his distress, I enjoyed every comfort of life in the embraces of another Consort. How many thousand tears has this thought cost me, and how often have I blushed at my innocent love for Mr. R * * as a crime.

The first letter was written in the city of Moscau.

“ Your unhappy Consort is still alive. Would to God you knew it already, or that you at least might be informed of it by this letter. A sudden attack of the
Russians

Russians on the village, where I lay sick in prison, saved my life three days before my expected execution. Yes, my dearest spouse! this providence was the fruit of your tears and my innocence. I scarce knew for several days after this happened, whether I was dead or alive. As I recovered and found myself in the hands of the Russians, I gave out for the sake of safety, that I was a Captain, and assumed the name Lowenhock. Among all the prisoners with whom I was lodged from time to time, in different fortifications, and at length at Moscau, there remain but two officers that know me. They are both natives of England, and the best and most faithful companions that I could have wished for. One of them named Steely obtained liberty some days ago, of conversing with some merchants, who were his countrymen, and by that means I got a safe opportunity of conveying these lines to you. O! were they already in
your

your hands? Could I but see one of the tears that the news of my existence will draw from your eyes! Whether did you retire, after the receipt of my last melancholly letter? Did not the vengeance of the unjust prince pursue you? Is my friend R ** fled with you? Poor unhappy Consort! allow me the comfort of ascribing all my present and future misfortunes to your virtue, and faithful attachment to me. Nothing but this cause is able to sweeten my misery, and to alleviate the horrible remembrance of a violent death, which the prince had intended for me. I beseech you to bear my absence with resignation, and we will hope to see one another once more. But O God! when? And how do I know whether you have been able to survive my misfortunes? Terrible thought! which I cannot commit to paper without trembling. No! my only wish in this world is that you may be still alive. My heart
tells

tells me so, and promises me the pleasure before I die, to embrace you——whilst I write this I intreat providence to grant me this favour. Can God have spared my life for any other purpose, than to spend it, if even for a few days with you? Represent to yourself the delight which we shall taste, when time shall restore us to each other. How long shall we stand speechless in an extasy of joy! and how long shall we speak, after thousand embraces, before we have satisfied ourselves in relating our strange adventures! Be not too anxious about me. I want nothing so much as to hear how you and Mr. R * * do. If your finances allow, please to send me a bill of exchange, by the means of which I may effect my return. Since my confinement I have been plundered of every thing. I have endured every inconveniency that a prisoner is exposed to on a journey of above six hundred miles. The coarse provision that
has

has satisfied several hundred fellow-prisoners, has all this while supported me. The bitterness of the Russians against the Swedish nation, has increased the misery of our confinement. They call their inattention to our complaints, and their resentment, a just retaliation for the barbarous behaviour of our king towards the captive Russians. The most terrible thing we met with, after passing the Polish borders, was the want of water, as we were frequently obliged, in order to avoid morasses, to wade through sandy desarts.

My whole substance, since my imprisonment, consisted of about 20 dollars, which a common Swedish soldier made me a present of. He died a month before our arrival at Moscow, of a wound, in a night which we were obliged to spend in the open air. He had shewed me much faithfulness on our march, and I rewarded his services by watching and praying with him the whole night. He had few-

M

ed

ed up a piece of gold in his under jacket, worth 20 dollars, which his bride gave him at taking leave at Stockholm. This he gave me, and begged me to notify his death to her, at my return, and to be kind to her. I send you the paper in which the gold was wrapped up, on which the name of his bride is written. If possible apprise her of his death, and in return for the 20 dollars, which have been of so great service to me and Steely, send her an hundred. As my countryman, who all the while held me by the hand, expired, I fell asleep at his side. At that instant, I dreamt that you met me near a river. O! how surprised you seemed at finding me again! I awoke, lying on my dead countryman, and thanked heaven for this pleasing dream. By my friendship for the dying soldier, I gained the affection of six others, who were present at his departure. They were highly pleased, that I had so well prepared

ed him for his last moments. They begged me to shew them the same favour, in case they should die by the way; they vied with each other to serve me, and often denied themselves the comfort of fresh water, that they might give it to Steely and me. Soon after I fell sick, and grew so ill, that I could not walk. But rather than leave me behind, my six countrymen carried me on a litter, with a cheerfulness, which neither fear nor reward could have produced. In this sickness I clearly discerned the great difference between offices of love and compassion, and these performed out of obedience and hope of gain. Their desire to serve me increased with my danger, and though otherwise not very fertile of invention, nor much used to please, they now contrived a hundred ways to endeavour to preserve my life, because they wanted to preserve it. This is the only sickness I had on the road to Russia. Six weeks ago,

we

we arrived at Muscow, and were the first Swedish prisoners, with the sight of whom the wild inhabitants of this place could glut and satisfy their vindictive eyes. We were about 400, who for half a day were publicly exposed to the mob. The rabble would certainly have torn us to pieces, if we had not been well guarded. Having stood a long while in a large square, and heard a thousand bitter imprecations, which we could guess from their dreadful countenances, an old woman ran up to a Russian who was come with us. She enquired where his comrade, her son, was? Being probably ignorant whom she meant, or what was become of him, answered: the Swedes have murdered him. That moment she fell upon me, crying, What! hast thou killed my son? And threw me down on the ground, being so weak and faint, that I could scarce stand upright, till the soldiers at last delivered me from her rage. Consider,

der, my beloved spouse! in what situation I then was. In the very place, where my father had been Royal Envoy, I was now an insignificant mortal, and perhaps on the very spot, where he made his brilliant entry, I was now exposed to the fury of a woman.

Whereby have I deserved the melancholly fate, to be separated from you, to be inclosed between the dreary walls of a prison, in which, except Steely's company, I am deprived of every comfort of life, and know of no other joy but that of thinking on you, and of relating our adventures to each other? By bribing the goaler, Steely has at last obtained liberty to speak to some merchants from London, who have advanced an hundred dollars, and promised to do him every possible service. By means of this money, we hope at least, to purchase a shadow of liberty; for if there be a possibility of exciting compassion in them, it must be by dint of

money. At his return he brought a bottle of wine and some biscuits. You may suppose perhaps (saith he) at taking out the bottle, that I have been regaling myself with wine, among my countrymen. No! my dear Count! I could not deny myself the pleasure of drinking the first glass with you. I have not tasted one drop. But come now——I can wait no longer—we will forget our misfortune a few moments, and feel the comforts of the wine, and represent to ourselves what we wish, as if we possessed it already. We drank a glass. What refreshment! In an extasy, we praised the Creator, who had put such a virtue in the wine to vivify our spirits, and in silent recollection we thanked him for a repast, the like we had not tasted for a long long while. We spent a whole afternoon over our bottle of wine. We tried to forget our past sufferings but in vain. It was as if a certain satisfaction was wanting, if we did not

not cast a look on the series of our melancholly incidents. We repeated them, as if we had never told them before. We comforted ourselves with the truth, that a wise and merciful God had permitted this dispensation, and that we could not alleviate our sorrows more effectually, than by submitting to his will, till it should please him to give it a favourable turn, or take us out of this world. We gave each other the hand, to bear our afflictions with becoming fortitude. But whilst Steely was looking at my hand, may we not (saith he) wish to offer these hands once more, to those whom we love in our country? Suppose this should not be God's will, should we still be resigned? God forbid! said I, that that should not be his will—and could speak no more. Darkness overwhelmed my senses. I could see no more reasons for resignation, but enough for complaints, especially for the loss of you. We kept
 silence

silence a while, and seemed ashamed to
 recal the resolution, which we had made
 after so mature consideration. At last my
 friend said, with a tone that betrayed the
 greatest uneasiness: As God pleases! I
 will not by my resignation make a demand,
 that he shall regulate his dispensation ac-
 cording to my will. No! he shall order.
 But is it wrong to wish to see our coun-
 try, and to be released out of a barbarous
 prison? Shall we spend our whole life in
 these miserable circumstances, and only
 hope for death? This was our resignation,
 and that was often our case. When we
 strove to be most resigned, we frequently
 grew most dissatisfied. We see more
 clearly, the impossibility of conquering
 ourselves, by considering providence,
 than by yielding to our feelings; we
 see the necessity of submitting to his di-
 rections, and at the same time are not
 willing to depart from the plan of
 our wishes. We want it effected,
 and

and that immediately, and yet the concurring circumstances are not in our power. On account of this melancholly discovery, our heart is inclined to revenge itself, as it were, by dissatisfaction, and darkens the understanding, to the end, that it may not have still more to fear from its light.

We were not like the other common prisoners, constrained to work, yet were not allowed the least liberty to go abroad. My first employment in my prison is this letter; and having no occupation, by the means of which, we might sometimes forget our misery, we feel our distress the more. And if Steely's liberty of seeing his countrymen, had effected no more than a few sheets of paper and ink, it would be inestimable to us; for this no money could have procured. Sidney, Steely's countryman and cousin, is, to our sorrow, lodged in another part of the city; and however poorly we are
off,

off, yet he must be worse, being destitute of money. Steely salutes you a thousand times, and is your friend as well as mine. If I had him not with me, my prison would be a hell. Certain faults are connected with his honest and tender heart, for which I am much obliged to him, because they often interrupt our silence, and give us something to do. He values the merits of his nation, at the expence of other people. This partiality, a boisterous temper, and a propensity to contradiction, render him indispensable and the more valuable to me. His contradictions proceed from the fullness of spirit and vivacity, from the love for the liberty of speech, and a dislike to a cringing condescension, from a superabundant integrity, and tender sensation. In his character and his speech, contradiction loses its disagreeableness, and becomes a spring of confident conversations and little disputes, the want of which would make

our

our confinement much more tedious. In short, we are made for one another. His faults counterbalance mine, and make his good qualities more visible. He makes a good figure, being very personable, and his mein is as lively as his heart. He is but young. Disappointment in love was the cause of his leaving his country, and entering into the Swedish service. I will relate his affair, in order to excite your compassion. Upon quitting the university of Oxford, together with his cousin Sidney, he retired to his father's estate, a few miles from London, in order to pursue his studies more uninterruptedly. Here he contracted an acquaintance with a young lady, daughter to a neighbouring gentleman, and began to love for the first time. After two years, and a thousand conquered obstacles, and as many proofs of her faithfulness, he at last obtained her parents' consent, and his father's approbation. The day of their marriage was appointed :

posted: accordingly he set out immediately with his father, to fetch her and the rest of the guests. They arrived at noon, and were to return the same afternoon. He sat in a bower in the tenderest conversation with his Antonia, when he was told that the coach was ready. Leave me one moment, said she trembling to him, and when all is ready, then please to fetch me. He returned and begged her to come along. Now I am ready, said she, offering him her hand, to follow you—I was all in a tremble, and know not why—Am I not happy enough to hasten to your embraces to enjoy the comforts of marriage? Come! I am yours. He then went into the coach with her, and the others followed in two carriages. Love, the most innocent and most happy love, its first rise, progress, and what they had felt for each other, was their conversation in the coach. In the midst of their discourse, when they were about a mile distant

tante from his father's house, a storm arose. In a little time the whole horizon grew dark, and one clap of thunder followed the other. The thunder struck one of their horses. Antonia sprang up in the coach in the greatest anxiety, and reached Steely her hand, to accompany him to the next village. As she stretched forth her hand, there came a terrible clap, that struck him back in the coach. As soon as he recovered the fright, he beheld his bride leaning at the door of the coach, struck dead by the thunder, in the same attitude as she held forth her hand. Can there be a greater misfortune? My poor friend! Half a year after, his father constrained him to take a journey in order to dispel his melancholy. He sent him in the retinue of the English Envoy, who was setting out for Stockholm, and gave him his cousin for a companion. In this very city he resolved, either out of melancholy, or disgust to life, to commence a

N

soldier,

soldier, and persuaded his cousin to do the same. He has since then acquainted the Envoy with his misfortunes, and at the same time interceded for me, under the name of Capt. Lowenhoek. Perhaps that gentleman may be instrumental in procuring our release. Please to direct your letters to the secretary of this Envoy, according to the inclosed direction; he is Steely's good friend. I should continue my epistle, if I was not scant of paper. Will you ever receive this letter? Yes! I trust you will; and I rejoice already in the hope of an answer from you."

My Consort, as I am informed, had wrote me three letters. Two from Moscow and one from Siberia. The second from Moscow is lost. It was wrote a year after the first, and at a time when his imprisonment was more bearable. Steely had gained more and more upon the gaoler, by means of his countrymen and their money

money. He had obtained so much, that his cousin Sidney was removed to him and my Consort. By the company of this unfortunate man, of whom there is a moving account in the following letter, their inconveniency was in some measure alleviated. My spouse could not sufficiently relate the good qualities of this Sidney. He was naturally affectionate and timorous, and became a soldier merely to please Steely. According to his natural disposition he felt the irksomeness of confinement more sensibly than they. But melancholy as he was, when Steely and my Consort were low spirited, he became, out of regard for them, their comforter. The following is the letter which my spouse wrote to me from Tobolsky in Siberia :

“ My Dear,

I hope you are still alive, because it is what my heart wishes. O! that I was sure that you would receive this letter, which

which I write from the most remote, and most terrible part of the globe. A Polish Jew, who trades to Tobolsky, and is just on his return to Poland, is become my friend and benefactor; and may perhaps become my deliverer. A year ago I found him almost frozen to death, himself and his horse being covered with snow in a wild wood, where according to my unhappy destiny I was employed in catching Zobel,* and it was with the utmost danger of my life that I saved his. This man has shewed a most generous gratitude, and has proved that there are also good men amongst those people. He did not rest till he had presented me to the governor, who esteemed him on account of his great wealth. Sir! (saith he) this Swedish officer has saved my life, and I possess gratitude and money enough to ransom him.

The

* A creature whose skin yields the best Russian furs.

The governer answered, that was not in his power, and that he could not release any one without orders from the Court. The Jew then presented him a purse of gold, and entreated him to excuse me from the toilsome services of common prisoners. This the governer promised, but upon condition that he should pay every day two copeks for me. My benefactor cheerfully laid down the money for a whole year beforehand, and begged it as a favour to have liberty of visiting me in the prison-yard. But before I relate my present circumstances, I must first tell you my three years adventures in Siberia, and how I came into this country.

You have learnt by my last letter from Moscow, that Sidney, Steely's relation, was at this time put into the same confinement with us. The money which his countrymen had again advanced for him, made our circumstances easier for some months. We were not obliged to

live in common with the other prisoners on their miserable provision. We could at least procure somewhat better for dinner. We had long solicited our overseer to procure us some English or French books—but in vain. He supplied us with some Russian chronicles, and a Pope, or Clergyman, who should teach us that language. O! how glad were we to find something to do! The books were very indifferent, and yet we read them at least ten times through. We forgot our misery whilst reading; and this advantage richly compensated the pain we were obliged to take, in order to learn the history of the old barbarous Dukes of Russia. Our Pope taught us two hours every day for a very small consideration. At last he brought some small tracts that treated of the Greek religion. He was as ignorant thereof himself, as possible. Steely, according to his custom, frequently contradicted him; and tho' but a poor proficient

ent in the Russian language, yet he was master enough to refute him. Sidney and I often intreated him not to do it, because we perceived it vexed the Pope. Our money being almost spent, and as the Pope came at last almost constantly intoxicated, we dismissed him. That offended him. He scolded Steely and poor Sidney, who made the last payment. We endeavoured to pacify him by good words or silence; but to no purpose. Brandy and a mean-spirited groveling soul roared out of him, and he made such a hideous noise, that the guard thought proper to interfere, and inquire what was the matter? The wicked Pope charged us with speaking against the Czar and the Greek church. This enraged the soldiers to such a degree, that we were in danger of being torn to pieces. The Overseer came and promised the Pope satisfaction; and we were chained as the vilest criminals. O! my dear! Shall I describe the oppression we then felt? Shall I relate

I relate the whole? The next day we were examined. The Pope, whose word passed as infallible, repeated his accusation against Steely. My friend pleaded—not guilty. But innocence availed nothing at this dreadful tribunal. To extort a confession from him; they threw him on the ground, and gave him the bodoggen. He endured this violent treatment with unparalleled firmness, and not one word of complaint escaped him, tho’ under the hands of those barbarians, who beat his naked body with two large sticks. Still he confessed nothing. The tormentor then took poor Sidney in hand. The Pope charged him also; and Sidney, tho’ he sought with tears and entreaties to escape their merciless hands, was thrown down on the ground. I turned my face away, in order to avoid seeing his anguish; but I was forced by these miscreants to be spectator of this heart-piercing scene. He died under their hands. No sooner had he
received

received the allotted number of lashes, but he lay motionless. Water was fetched and thrown in his face, to recover him from fainting, but there was no life in him; our judges seemed not much alarmed at this, as accused persons are frequently dispatched, right or wrong, after this cruel manner. Steely was carried away on account of his weakness; Sidney was dead, and I stood in a dreadful expectation of my fate. The wicked Pope either lost his revenge, at the sight of Sidney's death, or perhaps he thought himself least wronged by me. He did not charge me with direct speeches against the government, he only insisted that I should own that my two comrades were guilty. I declared I could not affirm this. Preparation was made for my torture. They threw me down, and asked once more: whether I did not hear them speak against the state? I was violently agitated by the approaching excruciating pain, and fear
of

of death. But I resolved, rather to suffer death, than save my life by a false testimony, which would cost Steely his life. I do not know whether my pitiable look excited the Pope's compassion, but he interceded in my behalf, alleging, that as I did not very well understand the Russian language, probably I might not have apprehended the purport of their conversations. I was suffered to rise, and reconducted to prison, where I found Steely in a swoon. I threw myself down on the hard bed, embracing him with one hand——the other was chained. He lay speechless the whole night, in a stupifying slumber. The morning broke in. I spoke to him. At last, to my inexpressible joy, he opened his eyes, and reached me his hand. The goaler came and inquired if Steely was alive. He took off my chains, and seemed to pity us. I assured him in the strongest terms, of my friend's innocence. That doth

doth not help you, said he—the testimony of the Pope, being a divine, has carried it, and you will be sent to Siberia. God help you! I cannot help you, or I must expect the worst from the Pope. Be thankful if your tongues are not cut out of your throats, before you are exiled to Siberia; for that is the punishment generally inflicted upon traitors. Why were ye so imprudent as to offend the Pope? A few days hence you must go to Siberia. I shall probably never see you more. I threw myself down by Steely, who still seemed senseless, and in so far was happier than I. The goaler, instead of comfort, demanded moreover a pecuniary reward for his service in imparting this terrible news. I felt in Steely's pocket for money, but it was gone. And as the prison-keeper saw no money, the remaining shadow of compassion vanished away intirely. He left us in a pet, and in a situation not to be described. I sunk into deep grief
and

and melancholy. I thought myself forsaken of God and man—I felt a hidden rebellion in my heart against providence, and in that dismal situation I fell asleep, wishing that I might wake no more. I had not slept for many nights, and my dissipated and weary spirit required a long repose. Before I could recover myself I believe I slept twenty-four hours in one stretch. I awoke, and saw my friend lying by me with his eyes open. He asked where Sidney was? For he was removed before Sidney died. I could answer him nothing. Is he dead? I could wish it; for then he would be better off than we. Is he then no more in the hands of the executioners? I told him he was dead. I asked him whether he felt great pains? And he inquired the same of me, thinking I had endured the same tortures. If they have spared you (he continued) then I am doubly happy. Sidney is dead, and you have not felt my afflictive torture. For both we must thank God.

I could

I could now no longer conceal from him the intended removal of us to Siberia. I told him what I had heard from the gaoler. He seemed so indifferent and hardened, by what he had suffered, that Siberia did not frighten him. But as soon as I hinted, that perhaps we should be worse there, he wrung his hands. No! no! said he, rather death a thousand times. Would you wish to live to be so abused? We fell anew into rage and despair. That very moment the gaoler entered, and let us know, that we were to decamp for Siberia early the next morning. Steely cried out: Have we any more to suffer first? No, said the gaoler; you are only condemned to hard labour in Siberia. The greatest misery now appeared tolerable to us, being informed that no further violence would be done to us, and we found a sort of comfort in the deprivation of that fear, which we could derive from no other quarter. Steely would make the

O

keeper

keeper an acknowledgment, but he was robbed of his money; tho' after a long search he found at last two roubles. He rose from his bed with joy, and told him that he would divide his riches with him. On this the gaoler shewed so much humanity, that he returned the half. Steely inquired where Sidney's corpse was interred; or whether he could not see it? He received for answer, that he was buried where malefactors generally are. Let him be interred where he will (replied Steely in a vehement agitation of mind) he was an honest man, and my friend; he has suffered wrongfully — I endeavoured to silence him, lest he might expose himself to greater misfortunes. He inquired whether he could not speak with one of his countrymen? But that was not allowed. Our gaoler now took his leave; we gave him many thanks for his philanthropy, tho' we had purchased it. We embraced him, and asked once more, if it was certain
that

that no further cruelties would be exercised upon us. He assured us of this with the greatest oath that can be expressed in their language. We offered him money to procure us some victuals; for we had scarce eat any thing for three days past. All at once he grew generous, and said he would bring us something to eat, some brandy for our melancholy journey, and a plaister for Steely's wounds, that would be of great use to him. That evening we supped quietly, and resigned ourselves to every future event, being persuaded that nothing worse could befall us than what we had experienced already. Steely's pains were greatly mitigated by means of the received plaister. Without sleep we spent the night, and the next morning we were called away. The gaoler delivered us to the officer, who conducted us to the other eight prisoners who were ordered for Siberia, and who were chiefly Russians of rank, suspected of rebellion. We were all

all ten placed in two carriages, and I had the grief to see my Steely separated from me, and ordered to the other waggon. Nothing could have more contributed to my misery. We were conveyed from one stage to another, so that I could scarce speak a few words to Steely the whole journey. Three of my companions were Russians, and their hearts were as wild as their countenances. Their disgrace made them the more bitter, and they were ashamed, being Russian Knees, or Noblemen, to share the same fate with a Swede, and a Frenchman, who was my fourth companion. The Frenchman, a Major, who had inconsiderately drawn his sword against his Colonel, soon became my confidant, and we were the happier, because none of the Russians understood French. He had not lost the noble sentiments of education, in the field; and different as the situation of our minds were, yet our sufferings became a cement of friendship.

He

He was naturally of an honest turn, and his distrust vanished as he became more acquainted with me. On this troublesome journey I formed him so as I wanted him to be, and as he must be if he should in any degree compensate for the loss of Steely. The nearer we approached to Siberia, the cooler and more uncivil reception we met with. We still remain gentlemen (said the Major to me) altho' the mob insults us.—He, I, and the noble Russians, were all equally poor; and in case we had possessed something, either the mob or guard would have robbed us of it all, for that is the fate of all those culprits that are sent to Siberia. We had nothing but dry bread allowed us; and with that we were satisfied. But the cold pinched us horribly. None felt it more sensibly than Steely, who had been so inhumanly mangled. After six or seven weeks we arrived at Tobolsky, the place of our destination. Here we found every

thing that can make a country disagreeable, and a prisoner melancholy. We were brought before the Governor, and I was again separated from my dear Steely; but Rumour remained with me. The governor enjoined us all alike the miserable employment of catching Zobels, whose skins are sent to court. Represent to yourself what a person of my rank and turn of mind must feel, who is condemned to rove about the dreary woods with blunt arrows to shoot Zobels, or to catch them with traps, an office superlatively mean! and at the same time to be under the command of such, who are more terrible, and often not much more reasonable than the very beasts in the forest. If the greatest affliction did not lose something of its oppression in a length of time; if the greatest difficulties and troubles did not become habitual to us, or rather if God did not at certain hours alleviate the burthen of the unfortunate, who
without

without their own fault are become such, by means of their own innocence, or the secret satisfaction of a good conscience, I should have been in a state of despair in Siberia. Miserable as every day was, yet I found a certain interval of satisfaction, when I could relate now and then to Rumour what had happened to me, and also those things which I had told him a hundred times before. To be a slave, is undoubtedly the greatest misfortune; but to have a friend as a companion in our misery, is at the same time a great happiness. An embrace, a word, a look from him, is an inexpressible comfort; all is compassion. And what does a man, subject to the necessity of being miserable, seek more than compassion. I should be ungrateful to Providence, if, whilst relating my troubles, I did not at the same time take notice of those agreeablenesses, which the most miserable sometimes enjoy in those circumstances. The nature of things

things often changes, as it were, to please the unfortunate; and those things that in prosperity would have proved a trouble to me, were in my adversity a comfort. Since I am less of a slave, I have often considered these traces of Providence with deep respect, tho' with an inward, shuddering. Often at the sight of another exile, I have felt comfort in a moment, when I was on the brink of despair. Death itself, otherwise so terrible, is become a real pleasure to me, and the thought of death, that otherwise disheartens, has often raised me up, under the load which made me sigh. Often have I fallen asleep with the comfort, that this night may perhaps prove my last, which has made me as easy as if I possessed all I could wish for. And when destitute of every comfort about me, religion frequently furnished me with consolations from the other world. Having spent three whole years in real slavery, being obliged to

to purchase my bit of bread, from the hands of my oppressors, by a certain number of animals which we must find them, the incident of the Polish Jew came to pass. This generous man delivered me from that wretched work by his intercession and money. He brought it about by degrees, that I got a more pleasant lodging. And soon after he endeavoured to alleviate my captivity. He brought me a suit of clothes, and delivered me from the coarse coat that I had worn. Frightful dress, that still hangs here before my eyes, and puts me in mind of my past misery. He presented me with furs and bedding, which at first retarded my sleep. A long habit of sleeping on a hard flock-bed, had rendered a soft bed useless to me. He paid me frequent visits, and every visit was accompanied with a kind office. As much as my situation differed from what it had been, yet I could not be quite easy, because I could
not

not make my friend Steely or Rumour, share with me in the enjoyment thereof. My benefactor had learnt, that Steely was sent to Pohem, fourteen days journey from Tobolsky, but whether he was dead or alive, he could not learn. The Jew had made me a present of a dozen of ducats to supply my necessities in his absence. I ventured to beg of him, to carry three of them to Rumour, or to procure him some refreshment for them; the remainder I reserved in my mind for Steely. He complied, but that did not suffice him, he even brought Rumour for a few hours to me. I divided my heart and all I had with him. I was in hopes of enjoying this pleasure oftner, but he fell sick and died; and I could not obtain leave to visit him, till a few hours before his departure, when he could scarce speak any more. The Jew continued his visits, according to promise. He made several proposals, and gave me some
account

account of the governor, adding that he was in great favour with the Czar, that he had been in Germany, that his lady was born in Courland, and is greatly in Catherine's graces. He told me further, that the governor was a great lover of architecture, and that I could soon merit his friendship if I understood any thing of that art. This was a pleasing piece of news to me. I told him that I could draw plans for buildings, and if he could procure me the materials, it would at least prove an amusement to me in my solitude. He did so, and I exercised myself for some weeks. As soon as I had finished a design, the Jew carried it to the governor. The next day the governor sent for me. To my good luck, he had some notion of drawing; and, as my commander, he favoured me with a few smiles, and conversed with me in broken German and Latin. He was surprized that I was so ready in Latin, and from that moment he began

began to pity me. If it was in my power, said he, I would grant you your liberty; but you are sent to Siberia for life, and all I can do is to make your confinement tolerable. As long as I live you shall be dispensed from all servile labour, without any further gratuity from the Jew. Are you satisfied with this? I returned him my humble thanks with an affected heart. You may easily guess what I had further to ask. I made use of all my eloquence, in order to move him to shew the same generosity to a friend of mine, whose name is Steely, who came with me to Siberia. Your request (said he) is more than I can well grant. I will consider of it. You may now go and finish the plan of the building that I spoke to you about. Just as he was speaking, a fine lady, of an elegant and noble aspect, entered the apartment. Stop! said he, to me. Here, my dear! said he, is the unfortunate Swede, of whom I told you lately. If
you

you please you may now converse with him, and order him some victuals—I will go a huting a few hours. He went, and his lady discoursed with me in a very gracious manner, and said she had reason to take part in my misfortune, because I was half a countryman of her's. She asked a thousand questions, and rewarded my relation of things with a sympathizing attention, and with a civility which took away all my fear, so that I could speak without restraint. Nothing seemed to please her so much, as the description I gave of you, and my wishes to see you again. I pity you, said she, after having conversed with me about two hours, and if I was nearer the court I would endeavour to give a more happy turn to your affairs, but perhaps it is possible that I may contribute something towards your return to your own country. The extraordinary love which, contrary to the custom of your sex, you entertain

P

for

for your lady, and your misfortunes, are sufficient motives of engaging my friendship, and I cannot help entertaining a respect for you, altho' you stand in the unhappy predicament of a slave. If my compassion pleases you, make yourself as easy as you can, in a country where barbarity supplies the place of virtue. I would this day dine with you, if I was allowed to follow my own inclination. She then took a glass of wine from the table, that was ready laid, and drank your good health. Her magnanimous behaviour touched me so sensibly, that I could not refrain from shedding tears, and it was not possible for me to conceal my real name from her any longer. I threw myself down at her feet; Madam! cried I, I must thank you on my knees for the friendship you shew an unfortunate man. I must tell you the whole, tho' my confession should endanger my life. All that I have told you is true; but my name is not Löwenhoek.

hoek. No! I am the Count de G**, and I intreat you not to divulge it. She raised me up, and I related my misfortunes in the army. O God! she cried, are you Count de G**? My Consort knew your father when he was Envoy at Moscow. Unfortunate Count! Let him know nothing about it. Tho' I have reason to be satisfied with your behaviour, yet he is of a violent and vindictive temper, and how easily might it happen that you offend him contrary to your inclination. Demean yourself always with great submission towards him, especially when he treats you with the greatest civility, otherwise you will be in danger of suffering still more. He loves money, and it will be to your advantage if the Jew makes him now and then a present. I have no money (she continued) to assist you, but I have jewels, of which my husband knows nothing of; I will fetch you some. The Jew is an honest man, and will at least

least give you half the value of them, but I should not chuse him to know from whom you had them. She then brought me two gold frames, that had probably been taken from a couple portraits. They were set with precious stones. Accept this present, said she, as a token, that my good will is not wanting to alleviate your distress. I doubt whether I ever may have an opportunity of conversing with you again alone; therefore I repeat my sympathy and regard for you, and desire you to acknowledge me your friend, even when I shall be obliged to act the part of your mistress. Return again to your quiet retreat. I will try whether I can persuade my Comfort to give you the company of your friend Steely. I am not sure. Adieu my poor Count.—I returned as in triumph, and henceforth I esteemed myself happy in the hands of barbarians: to such a degree did the sympathy of this generous soul fill my heart

Heart with hope and respect. My Jew visited me the next day: And, before I acquainted him in what manner the governor received me, I told him that I had found some jewels in the cloaths of my friend, which he had left with me, whereby I hoped to refund him the sums he had been kind enough to pay for me. He viewed the things with amazement, and seemed to believe me. These are princely jewels, said he, and I cannot better demonstrate my sincere intentions for you, than by telling you honestly that they are worth 5 or 6000 dollars. If you will trust me with them, I will sell them for you, to a Jew that deals in jewels. A man, continued he, that has done me so much good, deserves the greatest services: But, what will you do with so much money? you may soon be robbed of it—I will lodge the money that I receive for the jewels in the hands of a Jew, that lives here; he shall

and I will do P 3. but you would not
I am

not defraud you of one farthing. I will tell him, and before I return to Poland, I will tell the governor likewise, that I have consigned such a sum for you, as the preserver of my life, for your support, and if possible for your speedy ransom. In short I was quite satisfied. He sold the jewels for 5000 dollars, brought me 1000 in ready money, and the remainder in bills. I offered him 300 dollars for his trouble. But he would not receive my offer on any other condition, but of presenting that sum to the governor, to secure his favour. That was done. He signified to me, by the Jew, that I should soon have Steely with me, especially as he understood something of architecture. The Jew is just on the point of departing from hence. I lose a real friend in that honest man; but I will freely part with him, if he proves instrumental in conveying reciprocal intelligence between you and me. He knows my true station in life, and has made

made a sacred promise not to betray me, nor to rest till he has found out your abode in Livonia. In this last view, he accepted 100 dollars, to defray the expenses of that journey. Here comes that honest man! to take leave, and to fetch my letter.—I embrace you, be where you will, with the most faithful affection. May but my circumstances remain as they are! then I hope still to see you once more, and to forget my past distresses in your embraces. Pray heaven to bestow this happiness. Yes, my dear! he will do it.

P. S. As Steely is not yet with me, I have wrote to his father at London, and to the English Envoy at Stockholm, and under the name of Löwenhoek, apprized them of my friend's sufferings and misfortune."

These are the two letters, that my Con-
fort wrote to me, during his imprisonment.

He

He spent one year and a half in Siberia, from the time he wrote the last letter. I will relate the rest, as I heard it from his own mouth.

Some weeks after the departure of the Jew, said he, I was called to the governor. I gave him the draught, with due submission, which he had ordered me to make. He was pretty well pleased with it; but still he was governor, and I his prisoner. In short, he was ashamed to shew me any external respect which his heart perhaps could not deny me. He asked, whether the Jew had left such a sum of money for me? and I answered he did.—He then ordered the prisoner to appear before him. It was my dear Steely, whom I had not seen for four years. I forgot, for joy, that I stood before the governor, and ran with open arms to Steely. He shall be your companion, said the governor; but how long I cannot tell. I understood this language, and begged leave to lay down a
thou-

thousand dollars for his subsistence. He said he would receive it as a pledge, that we would not abuse his favour. The Jew, in whose hands my money was lodged, was called, and paid the thousand dollars. He also got leave, in room of the other Jew, to visit me, and to supply me with necessaries. Now I hastened back to my lodging, with my Steely, who seemed as it were in a trance, and had only uttered some broken sentences to me. Our first occupation was, being now alone, to look at one another, without speaking one word. I then brought him clean linnen and a suit of cloaths with which the Jew had provided me before his departure; but he was not able alone to put them on for extasy of joy, and I was obliged to help him. He looked at the things I gave him with astonishment, as if he had forgotten the use of them. Being dressed, he stared at himself and wept. I had several times asked him,
how

how he had fared? all the answer I received was a repition of my question. Notwithstanding my curiosity, I scarce think I could have attended to his relation, if he had been able to answer my questions; my mind being so exceedingly agitated by joy and friendship. I offered him half a glass of wine, as I had no more, and put him in mind how he had once treated me at Moscow. At last we came to ourselves. We had so much to tell each other, that we did not know where to begin. Whole nights and days were spent with these relations, and as many more in recapitulating our occurrences. Steely had suffered much more than I. All the time he had been a slave, without compassion and without a friend; and what is still worse, the companion of the wicked Russian knees Eskin. That wretch had made his cell every evening a perfect hell to him, after having spent the whole day in shocking drudgeries.

ries. Among a thousand low tricks, whereat nature recoils, I will only relate one instance. Steely was sick, and could not rise from his uncomfortable bed for several days: he therefore found himself necessitated, at Eskin's return from the woods, to ask the favour of him to hand him a can of water, because he was thirsty. So you are very dry, said Eskin—I am very glad of it—I have also often been dry, and you are but an insignificant mortal compared to a prince. He then took the vessel, and threw the water at Steely's feet, and laughed. There, said he, is that enough for you? Can any thing more be wanting to make a man desperate, than to have such an inhuman companion in distress?

About a year after this, Eskin in one of his mad fits behaved so ill towards his overseer, that he was beaten most terribly, and carried almost dead to his room.

He

He got nothing to eat for two days; but Steely was so generous, as to divide his morsel with him. He gave him now and then a drink; he washed his wounds. Then the Russian pressed his hand and said: Forgive me! that I have not behaved so towards you, as you do to me. From this time he gave him less trouble. The greatest good luck he met with, during his absence from me, consists in a piece of friendship, which a Cossack-girl shewed him, the last year before his return to Tobolsky. She proved that there are also noble souls among the wild nations.

Steely was one day so successful, that he caught the full number of Zobels in a little time. On his return to town, he sat down by a spring to refresh and rest himself. Here a handsome girl drew nigh and looked earnestly at him. At last she sat down, and drank out of the hollow of her hand from the spring. Poor stranger! said she, won't you also drink? Steely answered:

answered: I have drank already. But (said she) will you not drink a little out of my hand? Pray do! I pity you, as often as I see you; and I did not come hither to drink, but to tell you that I pity you. Steely was surprized, and did not know what to answer. Ah! continued she, you won't answer me—Now I repent that I came hither on your account—Be sure, I won't come again. He looked at her with concern, and said that he was very much obliged to her for her sympathy, and as a token of gratitude, gave her his hand. She pressed it sometimes to her breast, and sometimes to her mouth. She played with his black locks of hair, and repeated her carresses many ways. He wanted to be gone. O! said she, pray stay a little longer, I have not yet sufficiently gratified myself with looking at you. I wish all the men in this country looked as you do, it would then be pleasant in Siberia. And if you must go, won't you soon re-

Q

turn

turn and sit down here again? I have so much to tell you, but know not what it is—I knew it before I came, but now I have forgot it by looking at your hair. She then looked into the water, and saw her face in it. Tell me, said she, do I really look as I do in the water? I have black eyes like your's. Your's please me very much, does mine please you? Are my teeth so white as your's? Yes! said he, you are indeed pretty, but let me go, I am an unfortunate man. She then went away with many tears. The next day as Steely was taking his usual range in the woods, he found her sitting in the same place, waiting for him. She constrained him to sit down, and to accept of some bread and honey out of her hand. Behold! said she, I like it very well myself, but I like it much better that you eat it. And here I have also brought you some Zobels which my lovers have given me. Now you have nothing to do this whole day.

They shall give me some every day, and I will bring them to you. Pray look friendly at me! Don't you hear what kind intentions I have for you? She then played again with his locks, and begged him to give her some of his hair, and presented him with a pair of scissors, which she had brought for that purpose. Steely not displeased with the honesty and ingenuous love of this wild Cossack, granted her request. She rewards him with some voluntary kisses, and shewed him at a distance a hut where her father lived. She then took a leaf of a tree and blowed. Now, said she, my brother will come—I have appointed him—If you had not spontaneously given me your locks, we would have compelled you to it—Don't be afraid, my brother is your friend too, and shall not hurt you. Look! said she, as her brother, a young man of a fierce but honest countenance, drew nigh, this is the stranger.

ger that I am so fond of. View him, and tell him how often I have spoke of him to you. Shew him where he can, in the easiest manner, catch his number of Zobels, and I will oblige you again. Find out a cave or hollow tree, where I may put some bread, fish and honey for the refreshment of this poor stranger. The brother acquiesced, and went along with Steely shewing him several advantages in the art of catching Zobels, as well as a place for his victuals, according to the request of his sister. Here she formed a store of provision for him, and here she waited for him every morning and evening: she frequently spent half days with him, whilst her brother performed the drudgery of the wood, Steely perceiving the excellent disposition of his beauty, took pains to form her mind, and to rescue her noble sensations from the impressions of her savage education. In a short time she adopted his sentiments and manners, and became so sensible and agree-

agreeable, that it cost him no self denial, to be propitious to her. But this pleasure was of no long duration, since Steely with some other prisoners, after three months, was removed to another place, at the distance of twenty wersts from Pohem. From thence he was called to Tobolsky, and from that time saw his Cossack-beauty no more.

Being now lodged together, we settled our oeconomical affairs as well as circumstances would allow. The governor had supplied me with instruments for drawing, and I employed my knowledge of mathematics in the best manner possible. I instructed Steely, who had been taught arithmetic by his father, and consequently became as great a proficient as myself in half a year's time. We now vied with one another, and the governor would not have more effectually punished us, than by depriving us of this employment. But he gave us full scope. He gave us

a thousand old designs to copy; and I don't think there is an old ruinous castle in Russia, which we did not draw. We were not often called to him, but he paid us frequent visits—— We acknowledged this favour with the deepest submission, and he rewarded himself for this condescension, by pretending to know every thing better than we did, and by putting on the governor immediately after a friendly word had escaped him. Steely, notwithstanding his spirit of contradiction, and his national pride, was now much more tame. When the governor found fault, he was silent; but this did not always satisfy him. No! Steely was obliged to speak, and to give up the point in spite of truth. This was no easy task, and he often did it with such a reluctance, that he sweated for vexation, so that I should have laughed most heartily, had I been in any other place than Siberia. Once he found us playing at chess. Steely had carved the men with a knife, and they

they were, to be sure, not finished in the neatest manner. The governor looked at them, and had a long harrangue, proving that there was neither neatness nor symmetry in them. My friend owned the truth, excusing himself with want of proper tools. But all to no purpose. The governor insisted, that if they should pass for neat, they must be as if they had been turned, and yet you see, said he, that here is a cavity and there a ridge, and in short very indifferently executed. Such remarks he would make for whole hours, so that Steely at last trembled at the visits of this overbearing Pedant. Whilst we were at work, he would sometimes sit down, and stop his pipe with our tobacco. And after having smoked with great greediness, he threw down the pipe, and swore that our tobacco was the worst he ever tasted. At times he extolled his own goodness, in releasing us from the most abject work of slavery, and thereby obliged us to petition his favour, a new, not to be ranked again with

with the other slaves. He often came in a rage, cursing the prisoners, without telling the cause, and we were forced to hear his fury with humility. Altho' our circumstances were greatly altered for the better, yet we were still in constant fear. We knew his terrible temper, and were every day apprehensive, that it might come into his mind to separate us, and to lodge us again with the common prisoners. To prevent this I ordered him one present after another.

A year was now elapsed, since Steely came to live with me. I was in daily expectation of letters from you, but in vain. Steely had also wrote to London, and to the English Envoy at Stockholm, without receiving any answer. The governor's lady I had not seen since the first interview. All these things perplexed us; and the more tolerable our imprisonment became, the more we wished for our enlargement. And how could we hope for this, whilst the war between Sweden and Russia still continued? One day as I stood with
Steely,

Steely, leaning on the window, I saw the Jew running very fast thro' the deep snow in the court, towards us. He was not used to come at this time, and I concluded from his friendly mien, that he was bringing me a letter from his correspondent, the Polish Jew. He brought me a letter; but it was from the governor's lady.

The count then read me the letter, which is still in my hands; I will insert it at large:

Sir! I have the honor to receive your letter of the 10th inst.

I hereby communicate to you a piece of news, which I would rather do by word of mouth, in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing your joy. You are free. The order for your release arrived yesterday, with the last prisoners; and you are to be conducted back to Moscow to morrow, in the same manner as you were conveyed hither. There you will be at full liberty to go where you please. I have obtained your freedom by the intercession of a friend of mine

mine at court. My Consort doth not know, that I have interested myself in your affair, and neither he nor the world shall know it. I am satisfied that you know it. And perhaps, my service would appear more generous if I had not notified it myself. This was my intention; but I was too weak; and I now see that it is much easier to do a good office, than to conceal it. Please to forget this little vanity, by which I have rewarded myself for my good intentions. I doubt whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before you go, at least not alone. I therefore wish, you, with the greatest sincerity, the pleasure of soon seeing your lady. How much will she love me, since I have restored her Count to her. I will care for your friend that you leave behind. May happiness attend you! Please to inform me, when you have found your Countess. When my wishes are fulfilled, I hope also to change this melancholy country for my own.

But

But, O! no; it is more probable I shall finish my unhappy life here. Don't fail to send me a line. I have a step-sister in Courland, to whom you will be pleased to forward the inclosed letter. If her circumstances permit, I believe you can lodge with her. She is a widow. But I have not heard from her for two years. Adieu!

AMALIA L ***.

I read this letter, and threw myself for joy into Steely's arms, and was going to tell him the contents; but his impatience anticipated my extasy. He pulled it out of my hand and read it. I laid my head on his shoulders, that I might not see the emotions of his mind, which the news of my release, and the continuation of his confinement, must necessarily excite. You are free, he cried—I shall lose you—I must remain prisoner, and shall now be more unhappy than ever—That is dreadful. Does heaven love you more than me? But I shall have time enough to mourn,

mourn, when you are no more with me. I know it is not possible that you should forget me. No! falling upon my neck, said he, you will not forget me. I felt such a pain, that I could not answer him for a long while; and my silence, which was in effect love, put him into such a passion, as if I had been guilty of the greatest unfaithfulness. I suffered his passion to subside, and after giving him a gentle reprimand, I found him ashamed and passive enough, to let me open my heart to him, and to convince him how imperfect my liberty would be without his. I agreed with the Jew that he should give me the third part of my money, to defray the expences of my journey, and keep the rest for Steely's use, allowing him to demand what he pleased for his trouble. The Jew was more prudent than I. He advised me not to carry much ready cash with me, as I should probably be exposed to robberies

beries on the road to Moscow. He gave me some ready money, and about 1000 dollars in four drafts on some Jews at Moscow, to the end that if I should chance to lose part, I may however not lose the whole—So honestly did this man deal with me. Before evening I was ordered to appear before the governor. He lay ill of the gout, and notified to me my freedom, from his couch, in presence of his lady. He reached me his hand and said: I have orders to send you to Moscow to morrow at noon. I am sorry to part with you, but go in God's name, and may you be happier than you have been hitherto. I kissed his hand with real thankfulness, and interceded for Steely. If I live, said he, he shall not have it worse than heretofore. He desired me to sit down (a favour which I never enjoyed till now) and said he had a great deal to say to me; but his pain grew so violent, that he beckoned to me to

R

withdraw.

withdraw. I did, and as I passed along, I testified my obligation and gratitude to his lady, for her most generous behaviour to me, by a silent but expressive *mein*. Adieu! Sir! said she, and turned that moment to her consort. At my return to Steely, I sat down and thanked my noble benefactress in a few lines, as I could not do it personally. I sent the letter by the Jew, who was to provide me with furs and other necessaries for my long and cold journey. Every thing being now settled, I appropriated the whole night to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with my poor beloved Steely. We discoursed, we wept, and felt what each of us was capable of feeling, in our present different circumstances. The morning and also the noon drew nigh, and to the last moment, we had still new matter to tell each other. The Jew came and told me, that the sledge, that was to fetch me and the others, was at the door. We took leave
without

without words, and I forgot myself in the arms of Steely, till the guard tore me from him. He thrust me from him, and the next moment he wanted to follow me; but the door was shut, and the Jew conducted me to the sledge, and wished me a good Journey.

I, together with three others were placed in one sledge; joy and hope shone out of every one's eyes. I can scarcely tell what passed in my soul the first hours, yea, the first two days. An excess of joy and pain prevailed by turns. We were received with less contempt at the stages, where we changed Rain-deers, than in our way to Siberia. My companions were three Russians. They were rich, and drank so much brandy, that they were scarce sober throughout the whole journey. They behaved well enough to me, and I should have obtained their friendship, if I could have drank with them. At the end of March we arrived at Moscow.

cow. We were conveyed to the same house we were confined in five years ago, where I found our old keeper. After three days I got my liberty and a passport, so that I could go where I pleased. I had all my bills of exchange, and went to the English merchants, who had assisted Steely, and delivered a billet from him to one Mr. Thompson. He received me very kindly, and told me that the gaoler had informed him of Steely's misfortune and exile into Siberia; that he had apprised his father in London of it, and had received several letters to the English agent at Moscow. We waited on the agent the next day, who was an exceeding good-natured gentleman. He shewed me the most moving letters from Steely's father, and several memorials to the senate for my friend's release; and assured me, that he was in hopes soon to effect it, at the Czar's return, which was speedily expected. The English Envoy
at

at Stockholm had also wrote to him, to endeavour to procure Steely's enlargement. He gave me the letters which he had received from London for him; and Thompson conducted me to the Jew to receive my cash. Within ten days I received my money, of which Thompson gave me but little hope, and lost only 150 rubles upon the whole. The Jew who was to pay it, was reduced, but his brethren gave their word that they would pay me my money, if he could not discharge it. I desired the favour of them, to forward some letters to their correspondents in Siberia, of whom I had the bills. They told me that three of them were going upon business to Tobolsky, and if I could tarry here two months, they would convince me by the answer, whether they had kept their word. I wrote to my friend; but before the letter went, the agent sent for me, and

informed me, that he had at last been so successful, as to assist his countryman; his release had been signed by the senate, and he had obtained a promise that Steely in three or four months time should be sent from Siberia, and set at liberty. I thanked the agent, as if the service had been done to myself, and hastened to acquaint my friend with this good news. The Jews set out, and I was really disposed to wait for Steely's arrival. But love prevailed over friendship, and the desire of seeking you, made my abode in Moscow insufferable. I wanted to be gone, without knowing whither. The commerce with Sweden was prohibited; I wanted to go to Denmark supposing you might be there: but Thompson persuaded me to go with a Dutch ship, that was consigned to him for freight, and lay ready at Archangel to sail for Amsterdam. He gave me a direction to the
merchant,

merchant, who was owner of the ship; and promised to inclose the letters from Steely to him, and I was to inform him where I should go from Holland, that Steely might know where to find me at his return. After six weeks abode at Moscow, I went on board the ship, that so unexpectedly and happily brought me to you. Before I left Moscow, I gave Thompson fifty dollars, to distribute among my captive countrymen.

This is the substance of my consort's relation of his misfortunes in Siberia. I have abridged it, and purposely omitted the historical and geographical part of that country, as I did not intend to give a description of travels or voyages. And besides, that empire has now undergone great changes, especially since the building of Petersburgh, and the improvements of Peter I. which have had a great influence,

influence, as well on the nature of the country, as its inhabitants.

I now proceed to the last period of this history, viz. to what happened after my Count's return. We lived quite happy in our second marriage, if I am allowed the expression, and my consort now tasted the delights of love in a double measure, after so many afflicting sufferings. He revived again in my embraces, and recovered his sprightliness, which his misfortunes had in a great measure deprived him of. The first months passed chiefly away in Caroline's and Mr. R**'s company, by mutual recitals of past incidents. Nothing affected me so much, as when I was to give a full detail of the history of my marriage with Mr. R**, in his presence. The Count kept my hand all the while, in order to encourage me to proceed. I began my story with great boldness. I was fully convinced of my Count's affection. I knew, that I never should have

have proved unfaithful to him, if I had had the least intimation of his being alive. But all this was not sufficient to support me in my relation. I wanted to act an honest part, and to be cautious too; and the more I spoke, the more I felt how injurious this must prove to the Count, and how afflictive to me and Mr. R**. I grew dispirited. The Count gave the strongest assurances, that nothing should offend him; but I could proceed no further; than to the birth of my daughter, I collected all my strength; I began ten times a-new; but my heart recoiled and stopped me, so that I became speechless. Now, said the Count, this little martyrdom, that I have inflicted upon you, shall be the whole punishment for your unfaithfulness, and then he embraced me. And you, my dear R**, continued he, lift up your eyes, and behold for your punishment your late spouse in my arms. He kissed him, and I must do the same.

No!

No! said he, she has loved you, and you have deserved it, and if I die, she will love you again. We can upbraid ourselves with no fault but misfortune.

I was indefatigable to restore to the Count all the time that he had spent without me. I seldom left his side, and at shewing him one pleasure, I was meditating a new one. When tired of speaking, I read to him, and when I could read no more he did. This happy occupation, with the spirit of the best writers, which the Count had so long been deprived of, took up the greatest part of the day, and spread a satisfaction over our conversations, our meals, and all our tenderneſſes. We kept no company, and yet the time never ſeemed long to us. Whenever we wanted to be quite ſenſibly touched, we thought on the times paſt. Thoſe who never have ſighed under miſfortunes, do not know what delight is to

be

be found in such considerations. At such moments a man is divested of all his natural pride; he sees, whilst considering his fate, how impossible it is to make himself happy, and thus surrenders to the ecstasy of gratitude, which stops his thoughts from roving any farther. The Count appointed whole days for works of charity. He enquired out poor and unfortunate objects; in one word, to assist and to comfort the poor, the sick, and helpless prisoners, was his highest pleasure. He oft invited the old and grayheaded poor ones to dine at his own table. It was always a satisfaction to him to know that they were deserving; but he did not chuse to make the strictest enquiry on that head: perhaps, said he, our kindness may reclaim them, if they are wicked; suppose they are unworthy, still they are men. When he was informed that dinner was over, he went frequently to them, and enquired about things that had befallen

befallen them. If he found a noble soul among them, he thought such a discovery a great acquisition. Mr. R** was his assistant in this benevolent dispensation of virtue, and where they could not act the part of benefactors, they chose that of counsellors who gave good advice. We generally took an airing on such days, either in the fields or in the garden. One evening, walking through a meadow, whilst the coach was waiting in the road, we heard a pitiful cry. We drew nigh, through the thick grass, to the place whence the noise came, and found a handsome young woman, just delivered of a child, without assistance, and in great misery. Mr. R** who was with us, hastened to a neighbouring farmhouse, to fetch a woman and other necessaries, and I assisted the unhappy creature in the mean while, as well as I could. Her appearance shewed that she was of a middling rank; her youth and pretty figure

was

was sufficient to excite compassion, tho' she could only pronounce some unintelligible sentences. Mr. R** returned with some women, and we ordered her to be conveyed to the next village in our carriage, and we returned to the city on foot. Now, said the Count, as we were returning home, this airing is worth the while. How happily shall we fall asleep with the thoughts that we have at once saved two lives! the poor girl has probably for fear of shame fled from her place of abode. Who knows what deceiver, under promise of marriage, has robbed her of her innocence. The next morning I went with Caroline to the village, and found the unhappy woman, with the child in her arms, bathing in tears. She was not only handsome, but a real beauty, and a certain bashful mien excused her fault beforehand. Love, said she, or rather a lover has made me more unhappy than I deserve to be; I have been engaged with

S

him

him above two years; but my old guardian, who would obtrude his love on me, has hindered our union. My bridegroom, a farmer's son near Leyden, took me away, with my own consent, and promised me to settle in business at the Haag. As we came yesterday morning to the place where you found me, I became so ill, that I was obliged to step out of the coach. My (till then) faithful lover took a walk with me in the field, to try whether some exercise would not recover me. I was at length forced to sit down, and as soon as he saw my pains a-coming, the wretch forsook me, under pretext of procuring me assistance. I waited the whole day in vain for his return, and thus I fell into that distress in which you saw me, being more afflicted with the thoughts of his unfaithfulness, than all the other circumstances of my unhappy situation. No man can be guilty of greater wickedness than he. He carried away my locket,

my

my whole treasure which we intended to turn to money at Haag. And still I do not hate him, yea I could forgive him, that he left me at the risque of my life, if I only knew that he was penitent.—I endeavoured to pacify her, and promised that in case he did not return within eight days, I would take her to my house, and take care of her and her child. He did not come, and I performed my promise, and ordered the child to be educated in the village.

The Count had now been half a year with me, and had not the least inclination to return to his own country, even if leave had been granted him. He knew that the Prince, to whom he owed all his misfortunes, was still the king's favourite, and that was enough to deter him from going thither. That Steely had not come, nor had he received any letters from him, caused him much uneasiness. He had been informed by

Steely's

Steely's father, that his son, by means of the English Envoy, and a mulct of some thousand dollars, was released from his exile in Siberia, but neither he nor his contrymen in Moscow had received any letters from himself. In the mean time, whilst the Count was waiting for Steely, another agreeable occurrence happened. An hour before dinner, he was gone with Mr. R * * as usual to the coffee-house, where strangers commonly resort. Soon after he let me know, that he would bring me a guest, for whom I was to prepare a chamber. He came, and the guest was the honest Jew that had shewed him so much kindness in Siberia, and who was come to Holland on business. My Consort was exceeding glad, that he now could make this deserving man some returns for his generosity, and he was no less pleased to have found my spouse in such a lucky and unexpected manner. He gave the letter from Siberia, which I have already inserted, and assured me that he had made great inquiries

inquiries after me, both in Livonia and Denmark, to no purpose. His heart resembled his honest look, and his manners were directed by his heart. He was far advanced in years, and his grey beard and long Polish fur-coat gave him a respectable appearance. Our friendly deportment, whereby we endeavoured to make him sensible of our gratitude towards him, touched him most sensibly. As we rose from table the first day, he seemed sorrowful. My Count asked the reason. O! said he, if I could but spend some hours more with you! I never enjoyed such pleasure before, and none ever behaved so nobly towards me, as you do. The Count took him by the hand, and introduced him into the apartment, that was made ready for him. Behold! said he, my lady gives you her best chamber. Do you now believe that you are a welcome guest? You must not think of leaving us under a week. Do you not think that I am better accommodated

here than in Siberia? There you waited on me, and here I and my spouse will wait on you. We did, and all of us, Caroline as well as Mr. R **, strove and vied with each other, how to make his abode here agreeable. At sun-set he generally retired to his chamber, and remained there half an hour. We asked his reason, and he pretended all manner of little excuses, till at last the Count interrupted him, and found him at prayer on his knees. The eight days being spent in the most pleasing manner, he begged us to retrench our civilities, and to let him depart. He left us one day, on account of business, and came the next to take leave. Now, said he, I will go with joy, and I will thank God on my journey that I have found you, my Lord! I am old, and shall probably never see you more. I have no children, and if I was not determined to die with my wife, I should certainly end my days here. We took leave of him as of a father.

a father. O! my Lord! said he at last, you have richly rewarded my poor services; but I have not been thankful enough for your preserving my life at the risque of your own. You know that I am worth more than I and my wife want. I have to receive at this bank ten thousand dollars. Allow me the pleasure to make a present of this sum to your little daughter; do me the favour to accept of this bill. We assured him that the state of our finances was such, that we had no need of robbing him of any part of his substance; but he expressed deep concern that we despised his offer, and thus forced us to accept of it. He then drew near to our daughter and tied a precious neck-lace about her neck. He also made an handsome present to the unhappy girl that I had with me, and then made all the haste he could and decamped. Honest man! Those people would have the best of hearts, if we did not compel them, in a manner, by our contempt of them,

them, and by our cunning and violent dealings, to use subterfuges and deceit, and even to hate our religion. Mr. R * * accompanied the old gentleman several miles, and could not cease admiring his great and disinterested character. Among all the marks of friendship, which we shewed him, nothing touched him so much, as that the Count ordered his picture to be drawn, and to be hung in his study.

In a few weeks time another unexpected and more interesting joy succeeded. Andrew, Caroline's brother, used every year to celebrate his birth-day. He came early to us, and told us, that as he was obliged to take a journey of some weeks, and his birth-day was to morrow, he had resolved to keep it to day, and begged us immediately to go in his gondel, and spend the whole day with him. We complied; but as we were engaged in reading the letter which the Count had sent me from Siberia by the Jew, we intreated Andrew

to allow us time to read it through, to the end that the Count may relate more circumstantially what we might want to know; for Caroline and Mr. R** sat by us. Oh cried he with a sort of vexation, that you can as well do at my house; take your letter along, and don't spoil my pleasure, otherwise I will go away, and you shall forfeit my treat. This odd, tho' honest compliment, obliged us to follow him immediately. Every thing in his house was contrary to custom, in the best order, and we could not help wondering at his preparations. I don't know, said Caroline, what to think of my brother. Who knows but this birth-day may produce a wedding? He seems to me to be too cheerful and mysterious. We joked with him as the tea was served, and he laughed, as if he was pleased that we discovered the deception. Read your letter thro', said he, and I will in the mean while fetch my bride, or at least my best wine. He withdrew
to

to the adjoining chamber, and we entered into the subject of our letter. I asked a thousand questions about the governor's lady, whose letter to her step-sister in Courland was returned, because she was dead. Mr. R** inquired into the strange disposition of the governor, and Caroline's attention was directed to Steely's part. Andrew came out of the adjoining room, as if he wanted to hear us. Have I not described him enough yet to you? said my Count to Caroline? Are you in love with him? To be sure he made a fine figure, or else the Cossack-girl would not have been so fond of him. He has large black eyes like you—That very moment Andrew flung open the door, and cried out with a very significant tone: Did he look like this gentleman? And that instant Steely appeared. The Count trembled so that he could scarce rise from his chair, and we beheld their endless embraces with astonishment. Now, said Steely, we are rewarded for all our past misery,

misery, tearing himself from the Count's arms, and I met him with open arms. O! madam! said he, you, you, you are the person—and that was his whole compliment. The Count joined us, and we all three embraced each other together. O! who can describe the delights of friendship? and the feelings of the heart at such moments! One looks at the other with silence, and yet the soul is never so eloquent as in such a silence. It speaks at once, with one look, one kiss, a whole series of thoughts and enchanting sensations, without the least confusion of ideas. Caroline and Mr. R * * partook of our joy, and we all four stood round Steely, and seemed one friend. But Andrew thought our caresses lasted too long, and took me and Caroline aside. Ye dear people, said he, don't forget that you are ladies!—Pray sit down, or I shall see nothing but embraces this whole day. Embrace as much as you please when I am not by. To-day we
 will

will not be sad but merry. And thus we sat down again. My Lord! said he, did I not contrive it well? We perceived that he thought his invention deserved applause; and indeed he merited that we should sacrifice a few moments to his satisfaction. The Count had already asked Steely above ten questions, but Andrew would not suffer him as yet to answer. Be content that you have him, and that I have brought him to you. You shall have him to yourself this evening, and then you may converse till my next birth-day if you please. Now I am determined that you shall be happy with me. We could not help wishing to be at a distance from our noisy and commanding host, but at the same time we owed him thanks, and Steely did not seem inclined to relate much of his casualties, except that he mentioned several times the governor's death. And from his lady, said he, I have a letter for you, my lord! That most noble soul! I will fetch the

the

the letter out my portmanteau. He went, and Andrew followed him. We were satisfied that Steely left us for a few moments, that we might be at leisure to bestow our encomiums upon him. Does he deserve my regard, said the Count to me, and does he please you? Caroline interrupted my answer, by saying, Your spouse is no judge, she is prepossessed by you. Ask me, I will tell you honestly, I and the girl in Siberia, we——That moment Steely entered the room, conducting a lady by the hand, whose countenance bespoke sweetness and joy. She was dressed in the habit of an Amazon, and every part of her symmetry expressed courtesy and affection. O! God! cried the Count, whom do I see? Is it possible, madam? Or do my eyes deceive me? This is too much joy for one day. Steely addressed me with saying: My lady! here I bring you the companion of my journey, and beg your friendship for her. I stood astonished,

T

and

and knew not whom I embraced ; at least I did not chuse to know it yet, that I might prolong the agreeable suspense. She herself seemed for the same reason to leave me in uncertainty. Believe me, said my spouse to me at last, she is the person to whom I stand indebted for my liberty ; she is the person that restored me to you. Yes, madam ! replied she, for this service I now seek my recompence ; I do not solicit your friendship, but I demand it. Are you indeed glad to see me ? Yes, I see it, you feel it as well as myself. My dear Count ! now that we are no more in Siberia, how many things have I to tell you ? Your friend, whom you left behind, has acted a curious part with me, (here she cast a most affectionate look at Steely) and — he may tell himself. But, said she softly to my Consort, Who is that lady and gentleman (meaning Caroline and Mr. R **) ? The Count was frightened, and did not know what to answer
in

in his hurry. They are——they are our
 and your friends. I then took Caroline
 by the hand, and led her up to her; the
 Count did the same with Mr. R **. We
 thought Andrew had already betray-
 ed the secret; secrecy was not his pro-
 perty. But he had concealed it, either
 with a view of sparing us, or because he
 had not thought of it. He had not pa-
 tience enough to hear our mutual wel-
 come. Now he entered and helped us out
 of our perplexity. This, said he, to the
 strangers, is my dear sister. That mo-
 ment Mr. R ** withdrew with down-cast
 eyes, because he believed that Andrew
 would begin with him. Don't go away,
 said he, I will say nothing. Let the Count
 tell. O, my lord! said Steely, what
 mystery is this? may not the lady and I
 know it? Who is Mr. R **? He is one
 of my first friends, and to tell you the
 truth—here he looked at me, and said no
 more. He was my Consort, said I to my
 friend,

friend, before I knew that my Count was alive. I hope you will not hate me on that account—Madam, I and my Count rather deserve your compassion—He loves you, said he, as much as ever. She looked abashed, and ran to me, to shorten these melancholly moments through her sympathizing embraces. Steely really seemed, at this recital, to lose something of his respect for me. He looked now at me, and then at the Count. Is she then no more your spouse! said he with some vehemence. She is my spouse, replied the Count; don't make yourself uneasy. I know that you love me, and nothing but this day has been wanting to compleat my happiness. And now our joy commences anew.

Our noisy host then constrained us to eat. Every word was a caress, and instead of eating we looked at each other. Madam, said Steely at last to me, your eyes seem to ask me something. Do you
 envy

envy me my honourable companion ? On, Do you want to know why she is come to Holland ? She is come to demand the jewels she gave the Count in Siberia. We were informed at Moscow, that we should find him here, and she intends to stay here till she is repaid. Yes, said I, we acknowledge our obligation ; but why do you so earnestly interest yourself in behalf of the lady ? Is it in consequence of your being fellow-travellers ? You can see plain enough replied she, that he wants to disclose the secret of my journey. I am to tell that I love him, and that I have, out of motives of love, conducted him hither. He merits and possesses my heart, and I have only delayed giving him my hand, till I could do it in your presence. Steely rose and embraced her. Are you then my bride, he cried. Yes, replied she ; and in order to become yours, I would still cross another sea. And to you, my dear Count ! I am indebted for

my happiness; for had it not been for you, I never should have known my lover. You gave such a noble character of him, at our first interview, that I began to favour him before I saw him. Providence has recompensed my loss in him, and I will make up his loss by my love. I will stay with you, madam! and you shall be a witness of our engagement, and fix the day you please for our marriage. I will receive my future consort from your hands. And I, said the Count, my spouse from yours. Since I have resolved on a second marriage with her, I chuse to do it in form, and it shall be consummated on your wedding-day. Amalia, Steerly's bride, then ordered a large glass and wine to be fetched from her room. Do you know this glass, my lord? It is the same that I drank your lady's good health out of in Siberia. And out of the same glass, and of the same wine, we will now drink it the second time in Holland. O how good will it taste! She drank, and gave it me.

me. I looked at the glass of wine, and saw at the same time my consort in Siberia in the most distressing circumstances, pitied and protected by a magnanimous soul. I looked at her and drank, whilst my tears mingled with the wine. No wine ever tasted to me like this. We all were dumb with pleasure, till Andrew at length broke our silence. But, madam! said he, what figure did the Count make, when he stood as a prisoner before you? Did he look genteel or not? Was he dejected? His mien, said she, changed with the manner of my conversation. When I expressed pity for him, he looked at me with submissive gratitude; and when I seemed for a moment insensible of his misfortunes, he upbraided my indifference with a lofty look, to convince me, that he was innocently involved in misery, and that even in sufferings, his soul was noble. But how was he dressed? Worse than I wished to see him. A german waistcoat and breeches,

Breeches, quite thread bare, a black Russian fur coat, and a short pair of boots were his best dress. His short curled hair gave his aspect a courageous appearance, but still some marks of distress were visible in his eyes. He never appeared more amiable, nor was he ever more eloquent, than when he spoke of his lady; and from that moment I made a secret vow to effect his release. But your late consort, said Andrew, and the Count were not always the best friends. What he did wrong I now beg the Count's pardon for. Forgive the faults of his temper, and his national weaknesses, which, notwithstanding his affection for me, I have felt much more sensibly than you. Our marriage was made at court, which I was obliged to comply with. Still I honour his memory; and by my patient conduct towards him, I have perhaps merited a better.

As good luck would have it, Andrew was sent for on business, and his absence
allowed

allowed us greater freedom. Steely wanted to tell the Count what had happened to him since he left Tobolsky; but his tender sensation interrupted his relation every moment; and we were satisfied for this time to learn the most interesting incidents, which Amalia afterwards related more circumstantially in the following manner.

A few days after the Count's departure (proceeded she at our request) my husband died of the gout. I informed the court of his death, and begged leave at the same time to return to Moscow. The power lodged in my hands, till another governor came, enabled me to repeal several of my conforsts edicts against the prisoners. I could procure your friend, my lord! greater conveniencies than he enjoyed before. I ordered the Jew to supply him with every necessary; and hinted to him that

that he was my relation. At that time my kind offices were mere effects of sympathy. I had only seen him once in the most afflicting circumstances, at the time when he was called back to Tobolsky at your request. I was pleased to hear by the Jew, how thankful he was for my care of him: and what commands could not effect, the money I sent to bribe the under-officers, did. He got better quarters, and I had already concerted measures to make his situation continue bearable, after my departure. In about a month's time, orders came to my late consort, that Steely should have his liberty, and by the first opportunity be helped on his journey, and be provided with a passport. The next morning I sent for the Jew, and ordered him to bring Steely to me without delay, and I ordered the guard at the same time to fetch him. He came, and I let him and the Jew come into my room. He returned.

ed me his thanks in the most respectful and amiable manner, for past favours, and remained standing at the door. I asked if he had heard nothing of the Count? Whether he was satisfied with his accommodation? He answered the first question with a mournful *no*, and the last with a resigned *yes*. I desired him to give me a short detail of his adventures. He complied, and the further he proceeded, the more he extorted attention and respect from me. He looked much better than he did two years before; and I don't know whether I fancied, or whether it was true, that the Siberian fur coat became him so well. I could conclude from his speeches, that he possessed a noble soul; and if I doubted for a moment, it was perhaps because I fain would have my doubts refuted. The Count is in the right (I thought) that he esteemed him so highly, and interceded for him. He deserves respect and compassion;

passion, and it is my duty to succour such an honest though unfortunate man. I perceived that something passed in my heart, whilst he spoke; but I had no mind to examine it, and was careful at the same time not to disturb my heart. I called these motions effects of his past distresses, and sat down in this persuasion, attending to his relations in silence. When he touched upon the barbarities, exercised on him and Sidney at Moscow, it affected me much more than when the Count related it. It was not possible for me to refrain from tears, and yet I wanted to conceal my concern from him. I asked him in my grief, how old his father was, and how long it was since he had seen him? To the end that I might utter the words, *poor man!* which my heart extorted from me, together with some tears, as it were for his father. By means of several curious questions, I led him back to his youth, and family circumstances. At
length

length he came upon the melancholly affair of his bride in England, which went so near me, that I sprang suddenly from my chair, and placed myself quite near him—perhaps I had already wished for this. The subject made him quite tender, and he concluded with, O God! which pierced my very soul. He looked down, and it was to me as if I must raise him up. All at once he looked at me with a sorrowful mien, as if he would upbraid me for a fault. Sir! said I, we will presently continue the conversation. I entered the adjoining room, to fetch the order for his enlargement. I looked for it a great while in vain, though it lay just before my eyes. I was ashamed at my uneasiness, and persuaded myself, that it proceeded from his affecting story, and that Steely's joy on account of his liberty, would quickly dispel it. I turned to the looking-glass before I returned to the other room, and beheld the restlessness of my

U

heart

heart betrayed in every look. Still I possessed so much patience as to adjust my head dress; and in the midst of my ardent desire of announcing to Steely his release, I could not help considering how his unfortunate bride looked, and compared, as it were, her face with mine in the glass. I prepared in my mind a short address, and opened the door, and went into Steely. As I was beginning to speak, I felt that my breath failed me, and that I could not recollect the words that I had laid up in my memory. I therefore asked the Jew some indifferent questions, until I could recover myself. At last I said, I will not detain from you any longer, what you, no doubt, have long wished to know. Do you understand the Russian language? He answered with anxiety, Yes, yes, and trembled; which made me feel chill. I sat down, and desired him to be seated also. He refused, and I thought myself obliged to hand him a chair,

chair, and thereby be revenged on the tedious punctillio of ceremony. I read him the order, and said to him, From this hour you are free, and I think myself happy to be the person who announces it to you. From this time please to look upon me, not as your command-refs, but as your good friend. He sprang from his chair, and kissed my hand with inexpressible joy, and I suffered him to repeat this gratitude several times, as if I was afraid of offending him if I had withdrawn my hand. He stammered out a few words of joy; and even this language pleased me. I notified his release immediately to the overseer of the prison, and ordered the guard to withdraw. I would gladly (proceeded I) offer you my own house for lodging, till you find a proper opportunity to return to Moscow, but my circumstances seem to forbid it. The Jew will find you a proper lodging. You need not be under any concern, as
long

long as I am here. He took leave, and I could see in his eyes, that he had more to say than he could express, and I was vexed that the Jew was present. Him I ordered to attend me after dinner. Thus concluded the first interview. I went to the window to look after him, and tho' that very moment I asked myself the reason why I did so; yet I did it. I sat down to dinner, and was sorry that I had not kept him with me. The Jew stayed too long; and I might at this time have known for certain, that there was something more than pity in the case; but I found it good to circumvent myself. I represented to myself, that Steely may perhaps in a few days go with the caravan of merchants from hence, by the assistance of the Jew, and was already plotting in my mind how to prevent it, and wished secretly that he might go in my company. The Jew returned, and assured me, that he had accommodated his guest in the best man-

manner, and had lodged him in the house which he had two years ago purchased of my late Confort. I was alarmed at the account, as if it had been ominous, and yet I was satisfied. I called my old German servant, who had followed me from Courland to Moscow, and from Moscow to Siberia, and who still lived with me, and ordered him to go with the Jew, and enquire whether the gentleman, who was to day released from his imprisonment, wanted any thing in his new lodging, as he was, by order from court, to be treated as a person of rank. He returned and informed me that he was well supplied with every necessary, except linnen and a mattrafs. I sent him the best I had, and was dissatisfied that the servant asked for no more. I also sent him a case of bottles filled with wine. And when you leave him, said I, you may ask him in your own name, if he has any further commands. He did not return till evening.

ing. I asked him where he had tarried so long? O! said he, in his open-hearted way, one doth not know how to get away from that gentleman. He is an excellent man; every thing he says, takes one's heart. I wish you had but heard how ardently he thanked God for his enlargement! I believe he has a good share of religion; and for my part I cannot comprehend why God has permitted that good man to be sent to Siberia. As I was leaving of him, I offered to undress him. O! said he, my dear christian! don't trouble yourself! I have learnt in Siberia to undress myself. It cut me to the very heart. His aspect is also very engaging. Who knows of what pedigree he is? And yet he has suffered so much in this miserable country! With your leave I will gladly wait on him some hours every day, to make it agreeable to him. He returns you his most humble thanks for all favours, and begs you to lend him a book;

book ; and sends you this billet, wrote in French :

“ MADAM,

My present happiness seems like a dream to me ; and you heap so many favours upon me, that I am at a loss how to express my thanks. I relate already in my mind, to the Count, and all my countrymen, that I have found the most noble soul in Siberia. Dear Madam ! by what have I deserved such distinguished favours ? and whereby shall I merit them throughout the remainder of my unhappy life ? by nothing but by unfeigned respect.” —

I was very much pleased with this little epistle. I spent the greatest part of the night with a secret explanation thereof—

“ Whereby shall I merit your favours throughout the remainder of my unhappy life ? By unfeigned respect.” I affixed a meaning to these words as my heart desired. I was glad when I awoke, that

that the day was dawning. I resolved quickly to invite Steely to dinner. I could not find the servant. I suppose he was gone to Steely, and my supposition was true. By and by he came. I upbraided him with preferring the gentleman's service before my own, and sent him with two French books, and invited Steely to dine with me. I ordered some dishes to be dressed in the German fashion, and at noon I sent a sledge to fetch him. I had not dressed myself very gay, that I might be on a par with him; but I had taken care to make choice of a neat suit. Now I was resolved to discover, whether my impressions were any thing more than mere friendship. My guest came, and his mien was more lively than yesterday, and as I thought, much more pleasing. He was better dressed, though after the Russian manner, than yesterday. He was all submission and gratitude. I acted as if my care of him was in conformity to the order

order from court, and sat down to dine with him alone. We spent three hours at dinner, and it seemed to me, as if the time appeared as short to him as to myself. It was something new to him to dine with a lady, being unaccustomed to ceremony; and I had the pleasure now and then to surprise him with a civility; yea I was glad that I found myself superior to him in point of manners, because I saw that his spirit was superior to mine. He must once more relate the occurrences of his life, and they affected me as if I had never heard them before. Our conversation turned upon the Count, and he expressed such a desire to see him, that I almost grew jealous. With one word, after a few hours, my guest pleased me so well, that I was obliged to use violence in order to dissemble. Every moment the servant left us, I wished he might drop some engaging words, that I might know whether I pleased him.

But

But he confined himself within the limits of respect, and his eyes bespoke nothing further. Out of an unhappy civility he took leave as soon as we rose from the table, and I had not courage to desire him to stay a little longer, being afraid of betraying myself. I therefore ordered him to be conducted back to his lodging. It hurted me that he had left me. I grew more uneasy than before, and the more so as I represented to myself, that he did not like me, and was grieved that I was not enticing enough to merit any thing further from him than respect. I grew low spirited, and revenged myself, by undervaluing my own person. And yet I could not give up all hope, nor would I interdict my love for him. I resolved to invite him again after three days. O what long days were these to me! the servant told me, that Steely all that while looked very pensive. O! how did this piece of news please me? I was.

was weak enough to ask him, whether he had not spoken of me; he extols you exceedingly, said he, and enquires every time he sees me, how you do, and asks a thousand questions about you.

After three days he became again my guest as before. He came, and a certain restlessness was visible in his every look. He was dressed in the German manner, and looked as young again. Yes, yes, I thought, he is handsome and deserving, but not for thee. I fancied I had banished every appearance of care from my countenance, when he asked me the reason I did not look so chearful as the last time. I was frightened at my treacherous face and his assiduity in viewing me, and put it off by saying, I had not yet obtained permission from court to return to Moscow. But, continued I, what is the matter with you? The joy of your enlargement is no more visible in your countenance. Is it the desire of seeing
your

your country, that makes you so thoughtful? Yes madam! said he, with a downcast look. O! how pleasing was this *yes* to me, since the tone with which he pronounced it, made it a *no*. Perhaps you have a bride in your country, continued I, that expects you. Why do you deny me and yourself the pleasure to speak of her—I give my word, that I will forward your journey at the expence of half my fortune, in order that you may convince her of my friendship. He answered with a bashful look, without words. Now, thought I, I will know the final result of my fate. You are silent; then you have a bride in London? No! replied he, heaven is witness, that I have not been in love ever since the death of my bride. How could I conceal any thing from you? That's impossible. I intreat you to restrain your kindness to me. I am uneasy because I do not deserve it—That is the true reason. Now I grew satisfied,

tisfied, and he might easily have discovered my heart, by the sudden change; but my joy had the contrary effect on him. He grew the more melancholly, the easier I grew. I spoke all myself, and studied his heart and eyes. He loves thee, I thought within myself; and nothing but the law of gratitude and respect imposes silence on his affection. He is bashful—that thou likest; and he wishes that thou wouldst lay him under the necessity to commit the fault of observing thy affection for him. I now redoubled my courtesy, without transgressing the bounds of friendship. My late consort had built a fine house. I had all the rooms aired in the gallery, and conducted him after dinner through all the house, merely to have the opportunity of having him the longer with me. Upon entering into the largest apartment, where the draughts and designs of landships and fortifications hung, I asked him, whether he did not find

X

some

some of his own handy work there. I perceived he did not pay so much attention to the paintings as to myself; and I made him a proper return. I will shew you your own pieces, said I; my late comfort told me, that those marked with S. are your's—I dare say he teased you enough with that work. Dear madam! said he, it is in your power to repay me at once for all my trouble. But no—I did not rightly understand his request, and begged him to explain himself. Will you pardon me, cried he, if I confess, for it is presumption. I answered, yes. He then opened the door of the adjacent room, and pointing at my picture.—Madam! this present I would covet, when I leave Siberia. This request was the most agreeable of any I had yet heard from him. By the manner of receiving his request, I gave him opportunity of repeating it; and he had already courage to take me by the hand, and by that means conveyed
to

to me many endearing sentiments. I went quickly into the next room to escape, as it were, the violence he done my heart. He did not observe his conquest, and seemed afraid of having offended me. He behaved from this time, for about a week, no otherwise than a friend, who by his strict respect wanted to please me; or a guest, who by a grateful bashfulness, studied to repay the civilities I shewed him daily. Our hearts seemed mysterious to each other. We daily conversed freely together. We stood in awe of none but ourselves. Every thing was at my command; and my station was too elevated to be apprehensive of remarks from any body. But notwithstanding our constant intercourse, instead of becoming more familiar, we rather grew more reserved. He avoided making me any caresses, and I was more careful than in the beginning, not to give any opportunity. Neither of us observed, that our great restraint was nothing else

else but the strongest love; or rather we
 felt love to that degree, that we were ob-
 liged to prescribe strict laws to ourselves.
 I imitated him, and he copied after me—
 and what was all this? nothing but an emu-
 lation to please each other, arising from an
 uncertainty of making each other sensible
 of it without committing an error. I
 expected every moment an explicit confes-
 sion from him, and yet my conduct pre-
 vented it, and I lull'd my vexation by
 new hopes. In about ten or twelve days
 time, we had so exhausted the whole fund
 of conversation, that we had scarce any
 more to say; and the less we permitted
 our hearts to speak, the poorer our con-
 versation grew. After dinner we generally
 played at chess, which is rather a pu-
 nishment than diversion for lovers, and
 would have been quite troublesome, if it
 had not however afforded us the right of
 viewing each other more narrowly than
 we could otherwise have done. I let my
 hand

hand lie on the table on purpose, indifferent as it were, whether I should draw it back; and yet I did it that he might look at it. Our plays were soon over. I was an over-match for him, and yet a look into his honest and tender eyes, a blush, or a bashful sigh, that I now and then extorted from him, was sufficient to prevail upon me to make the most simple draughts. We frequently repeated this pastime whole hours, without speaking ten words, and found such pleasure in it, that we made haste to renew the play again. Our interviews had now lasted four weeks, and during that time we had not been absent five days; and yet, tho' we were so fond of each other, we were no more familiar than at first; and we should undoubtedly have maintained that character much longer, had not our hearts been surpris'd by an accident. The Jew paid us an unexpected visit, informing Steely that there was a good

X 3 and

and safe opportunity for him to go to Moscow to-morrow morning. I was frightened at this news, that I sat speechless, and Steely too. When? cried he, when? Go to my lodging, I will follow you presently. The Jew left us. And now a sorrowful scene commenced. O! dear madam! said Steely, the tears trickling plentifully down his cheeks, I must leave you—to morrow!—What then makes your departure so heavy to you? He was surprised at the question, and fell into a little passion. You ask me what makes my departure heavy to me? You, you! and all at once he grew still, and endeavoured to suppress his grief. How enraptured was I, to see myself beloved by him! I kept silence, because I could not speak. He was going, and in that anxiety I took hold of his hand. Where are you going? I will go and punish myself, said he, for the presumption that I was just now guilty of, and take
my

my leave of you.—Suppose I intreated you not to go, would you comply, and stay with me? would you consent to delay a little, seeing your country and friends? Dear madam! replied he, for your sake I will forget my country and all for ever—Only tell me, whether you—hate me? Indeed I love you, said I—we have no more time to dissemble, and if you love me, then stay here, and return in my company. Now he ventured to embrace me the first time—O! heaven what delight that was, after so long restraint. How many thousand times did he express the assurances of his love, and how often, and by how many kisses did we make our mutual confessions! Now our hearts spoke. He asked me whether I had not perceived that he had been in love—and I put the same question to him. We now related to each other the history of our feelings, and from that hour our conversation was mere love and joy.

The

The above mentioned company, set off, and my dear lover stayed behind with a thousand joys. I sent a second memorial to court, to hasten the permission of my departure.

If we had before been half days together, we now found whole days too short. He strove to merit my affection, which he really did possess, by a distinguished discretion; and I who had been married eight years, without knowing what love was, began now to learn its worth, by the most innocent caresses. I promised him, in case he did not chuse to go to Courland, that I would follow him to his own country, and that in case I could not obtain permission at Moscow, to return thither, I would slip away privately. Till then, I added, I am your bride, and as soon as we fix our abode, I will be your spouse.

We entertained ourselves another fortnight with representations of our future happiness, after which I received permis-
 sion.

fion and a passport from court, to return to Moscow. My lover came immediately to me---and, O! how did we hasten to get away from this melancholly country! A commander of a neighbouring castle was appointed to succeed my late consort. Within a week I delivered to him my husband's accounts: but he did not so much as look at them. Your consort, said he, was my good friend, and in esteem at court---I do not question his good management, and I am so far advanced in years, as to follow him soon into another world. I desired him to dispatch my journey, and to take my late consort's house and furniture off my hands. He consented, adding, You have it in your option, to take along with you whatever you please; and a guard, suitable to your rank, is at your command whenever you please.

I set out in the middle of June, well escorted, with two carriages. My late
consort

confort had left me above one hundred thousand rubles in cash and jewels. The half we took with us, and the other half was sent with the waggon, with which Christian and some prisoners went. Before we set off, Steely ordered clothing, and provisions for three days, for all the prisoners in and about Tobolsky, and some rubles for each of them besides. They were about fifty in number.

After a tedious journey of five weeks, which continued night and day, (because the nights are almost as clear as the day in the warm months) we arrived safe and well at Moscow. I did not chuse to appear publickly at court, but only had a private audience of the empress, whose maid of honour I had been. The noble Catharine received me at Taninska, in the most gracious manner. I was obliged to spend a whole week with her; but the great favour she shewed me, proved an intolerable burden, on account of the

the absence of my lover. Being informed, that the summit of my wishes was to return to Courland, she favoured me therein, because she could command. I made haste back to the city, to seek my companion, who lodged with an English merchant. My Christian brought me the sad news, that he was ill, and not able to wait on me. That moment I took coach and went to him. His sickness was nothing but his anxiety about me. O! cried he, I thought I had lost you. Are you still my friend? I convinced him of it, and tarried the whole day with him. He shewed me letters from London, and especially those that the Count had left for him. I had indeed purposed going to Courland, and nothing but my lover's indisposition made me postpone my journey. At length he received a letter from the Count. O! said he to me, he has found his spouse, and they now live in Holland. Shall we not go to them? How happy should we be

be with them ! There was no need of saying any more, to induce me to drop the thoughts of my own country.

It was immediately resolved, and we set out for Holland. At the end of August we went on board the ship, and even the sea became agreeable to me through love. We had but a few storms, which detained us some weeks longer at sea, and we were not sick at sea. Four days since we landed, and yesterday morning we arrived here.

This was the history of Amalia's and Steely's love.

The two first days were spent in more relations, and the third was the day of our espousals. I and Caroline dressed our bride, and were quite enraptured with her beauty ; but he, whom she had captivated by her charms, had equal accomplish-

fenta-

sentations, in reviewing the extent of the divine decrees of our destinies, and the feelings of wonder and gratitude increased with the exalted sentiments which he uttered. The pleasure we received from this discourse, will appear like an hypocritical riddle to all such who never were in adversity, and are too cold to feel other people's misfortunes. They cannot conceive how such serious considerations can suit such days of joyous festivity; but they must not expect from me to prove a thing that depends on mere sensation and feeling.

Thus the forenoon was spent, and Steely and Amalia were joined in wedlock, and our union was renewed at the same time. The clergyman, who would have been a very welcome guest, would not stay, although we pressed him very earnestly. He informed us, that he would be engaged that afternoon, with a young man, who in a deep melancholly had attempted suicide,

suicide, but - was happily prevented. He intreated us to commiserate his circumstances, and to supply him with some medicines, lest his distress might increase for want of proper assistance. Because he seemed purposely to conceal the particulars of his circumstances, we did not chuse to inquire any further, than where the young man lodged. With a soldier's widow, answered he, who a few days ago took him into her house, out of mere compassion, where he was committing the rash act, but without endangering his life, though the wound is deep. We desired him, not to intreat but to command us, what he would wish us to do, as it cost us no self denial to divide part of our substance with a distressed object. As soon as the clergyman was gone, we sent him bedding and other necessaries. The doctor was called, and the unfortunate young woman, whom I have mentioned above, and who now was my house-keeper, was
to

to conduct him to the patient, to learn what diet he would prescribe, that he might be served accordingly.

We sat down to dinner, and indeed we should have been undeserving of such a day, not to have improved it to the best advantage. Every invention was set to work to please; and even trifles, which others pass by for want of confidence and taste, served us for entertainments, and obtained, through the manner wherewith we treated them, that worth, which the most pompous means of joy seldom afford. Little disputes, which Amalia began with Steely about the Cossack girl; little expostulations, whereby we surprised each other, gave life to our familiarity; and every innocent banter opened a new scene of pleasure. The house-keeper, whom we had sent to the sick man, returned with outstretched arms, and told us, that she had found her unfaithful lover, and that he
was

was the very person for whom we had cared. He, she cried, has begged my pardon with thousand tears, and I have forgiven him, and now intercede for him. His conscience has punished him more than enough. He told me, that after he had left me, in such a cruel manner, he went to Harlem, and plunged himself into all manner of extravagant excesses, on purpose to stifle the remembrance of his guilt. For some months he carried it off; but at last he could no longer support himself under the terrible apprehensions, that he had probably been the cause of my death, and of the pledge of our love too, by his great unfaithfulness. He was forced to return to the place where he had left me; and not having courage to make an inquiry after me, nor knowing where to inquire; the soldier's widow found him in that meadow, where he forsook me, and where he had been roving two days in the greatest despair.

and brought him to her house. Here he resolved, being quite destitute, to murder himself, and thus to punish himself for his wickedness, by putting an end to his life. It depends upon you, continued she, by your kindness to restore me and life to him. I love him as if he never had offended me; but [here she looked at me] it is impossible for me to think of leaving you.— She deserved our favour, and claimed the part we took in her happiness. We ordered her bridegroom to an adjoining house, and paid him a visit the same evening. His wound was not dangerous, and the joy of having found his bride had made him so lively, that he could speak with us, and beg our pardon. He wanted to tell the whole affair; but his repentance satisfied us, and we spared him the shame of being his own accuser. We could still see in his distracted and meagre face, some traces of a good figure, and a tender heart. He was
scarce

scarce twenty-four years of age, and the more an object of pardon and compassion because he was so young.

The remainder of the evening was spent with musick. I played on the Harpsicord, and Amalia and Caroline sung. My little daughter, in her sixth year, was bold enough to invite Steely to make a party in a dance, and almost tempted us all to follow her example. At length we introduced the new-married pair into their bed-chamber with our best wishes.

The next morning, just as I was consulting the Count in what manner we could best entertain the new couple, the servant entered and informed my consort, that an Englishman wanted to speak with him. As soon as he opened the door, his face told us, that he was Steely's father. His hair was quite gray, but his lively eyes, his ruddy face, and stout, airy walk, contradicted his gray hairs. I am seeking,

seeking, said he in French, my son here ; and if I shall not have the pleasure of seeing him in this world, yet I hope at least you will inform me where he is. The account I had from Moscow goes no farther, than that he was promised to be released from his imprisonment in Siberia. And out of desire to see such a worthy friend of my son, I have ventured to cross the sea in my seventy-ninth year. You shall not repent of your journey, said my consort. I have received a letter from your son, from Moscow, and can tell you the good news beforehand, that we may soon expect him here. The Count entertained the old gentleman, with some particular relations, and I made haste to see whether our new couple were dressed. They were still in their morning dress, and I told the Count secretly, that they were up. My Count, (said I, after some trifling questions) will presently wait on you, and invite you to take an airing.

The

The door was thrown open, and he entered with his guest. That moment Steely disengaged himself from his lady's embraces, and ran to his father. The old gentleman stared at him without speaking. At last he cried out, Yes, thou art my son, my dear son; God be praised, now I can gladly die—My son! hand me a chair, my feet will not support me. Amalia brought him a chair, and we placed ourselves before him. His first question was, Who Amalia was? Since yesterday, replied she, I am your son's spouse. Are you satisfied with his choice? He took hold of her hand. If it is true that you are my daughter, kiss me, and tell me what countrywoman you are. He then embraced her most tenderly, and made all sorts of questions, suitable to his honest character, which were for that reason not disagreeable, though none of the greatest importance. He was not quite pleased that we had not danced at the wedding.

wedding. Not danced, said he, that must have been a moppish wedding indeed. Why should we abrogate a custom introduced by our forefathers. On wedding-days we should rejoice, and be merry. When I come to London, I will order it as it was on my wedding-day. Though fifty years are elapsed since then, I can remember it, thank God! as well as if it had been yesterday. It is true, said he to Amalia, you are handsomer than my late wife was, when we were married; but her dress was more superb than yours. He described to her his wife's whole dress, with a satisfaction peculiar to old people who are dotingly fond of the fashions of their youth; and she promised to imitate her at least with her head-dress. She did so, and pleased him exceedingly in her narrow bodice with huge wide sleeves, bound round in three or four rows with ribbons, and her locks hanging down on her shoulders. His son must then relate
his

his adventures. When he touched upon an affecting scene, he wept; and interspersed here and there some remarks. At first he found fault with him, that he had left the Envoy, and engaged in the army. Soon after he embraced him, that he behaved so nobly towards the Count, when he was ill on the road. In this, said he, I know my son. God knows, I would have done the same; it may be said, *a friend in need, is a friend indeed.* As for the affair with the Pope in Russia, he gave him no reproof. Thy love for truth, said he, cost thee dear, and I wish it had not happened; but still I prefer freedom of speech to a mean spirited timorousness. I look upon thee, in point of religion, as a martyr; and I praise God for the courage he gave thee. At the recital of the Count's interesting himself so greatly in favour of Steely, in Siberia, he put on a majestic mien. Now said he, that is magnanimity; none can
do

do more for his friend. My lord! you have still a better heart than I and my son. I have to thank you for my son. Yea! my whole life, and perhaps in the next world, I shall praise you for it. Steely represented his amours with Amalia in such a point of view, as he knew would most affect him. He placed the motive of their converse in mere friendship, and that there was no love in the case, till a little while before they left Moscow. Every thing pleased him, and Amalia was all beauty, and the more he concluded that Amalia kept him at a distance before the marriage, the more he rejoiced, and the greater regard he shewed her. The recital being ended, he embraced Amalia once more. O! said he, my son is not worthy of you. He deserves a good wife; but whereby has he merited you? Come along with me to London, I have a large house there, and there is no better living in all the world than in London—and
in

in this place, continued he smiling; and asked me whether I would keep him here for some days, and put up with his manner of life, which was not according to the usual way of the world. With all his little faults, he was indeed an amiable man, and the sincerity with which he committed them, made them not disagreeable. He was bold, without in-croaching upon politeness, and his prejudices were either harmless, or at least not troublesome in conversation. This and the following days we celebrated the marriage festivity according to his plan. He was in the most becoming manner sprightly, and inspired us with his example. His motto was, *One may be Godly and yet chearful*. My son, said he, has caused me many heavy hours, now he shall make my life happy. He danced that evening till eleven o'clock, and seemed a young man compared with Mr. R**, the Count, and his son. This is a digression,

Z

said

said he—I have not gone so late to bed these forty years—But dancing is no sin in my opinion—I don't think my joy would hurt me if I even died this very night. Mr. R * * asked him in what manner he had preserved his alacrity to such an age, and by what means he had conquered the fear of death, which daily awaited him? That I am still so nimble and lively, is a gift of God, and the effect of a regular life, to which I have been accustomed from my early years. And why should I be afraid of death? I am a merchant, I have done my duty, and God knows that I have not intentionally wronged any man of a penny. I have been merciful to the poor, and should not God be merciful to me? This world is good, but the next will be better.—Should one not love such a man, who from his youth had been engaged in traffick, and yet had preserved his integrity? He seemed not overjoyed at Amalia's vast fortune. My son!

son ! said he, thou hast riches above others, but thou wilt also have greater trouble to perform the office of a faithful steward.

Having now enjoyed all the pleasure that a father could wish for in his circumstances, all our intreaties were in vain to dissuade him from returning to his country. I will die in London, said he, and be buried by my wife—let me go before the stormy season. I will leave my son behind me, and be satisfied if he will follow me next year. Young Steely would not let his father go alone, and yet he was unwilling to part with us. In short we all, except Caroline, resolved to accompany him to London, and to spend the winter there. This was agreeable to the old gentleman's wish, though he had not expressly desired it. Before our departure, we performed another kind office. Wid, (that was the name of the young man who had formerly forsaken his bride) was now fully restored to his health. He wished

wished for nothing more, than to possess his bride, and to be reconciled to his father. We had wrote to him; but he would hear nothing of his son, and assured us, that poor as he was, he had already disinherited him. We pitied young Wid, and saw that he would retrieve the folly of his youth in his riper years. He had studied a Leyden till his seventeenth year, and afterwards, to please his father, he became a merchant's clerk. Andrew was ready at the first word, to take him into his business; we made him a little wedding. Amalia gave the bride a considerable portion, and old Steely and the Count gave him a thousand dollars. We gave him besides a capital to join to the stock; and this we mentioned to his father, in order the better to pacify him. Thus we left our daughter and house to Caroline's care, and went to sea twelve days after old Steely's arrival. The wind was so favourable, that in a few days we were

were in sight of England. We met a pilate boat, and went on board the same, in order to land the sooner; but this proved very unfortunate; we were all in the boat, except Christian and Amalia. He wanted to hand over to his lord, the box that contained the greatest part of Amalia's jewels and gold, from the ship. Steely and one of the Count's servants reached after it, but before they had taken hold of it, Christian, whether it was owing to heedlessness, or the motion of the ship, let the Chatonille fall into the sea, before our eyes; and that very moment, either out of fright, or because he had reclined too far over-board, he fell in after it. We had enough to do to save his life; and a treasure of about 50,000 dollars was lost in the twinkling of an eye. Am I still, said Amalia to her consort, so valuable to you, as before? Steely assured her with a sacred oath, and she was satisfied. Though old Steely did not love

money, yet he could not forget the loss. He preached Christian a long penitential Sermon. At last he took Amalia's hand and said: be of good cheer, thank God I have enough to make you live comfortably after my death. But this accident cost Christian his life. He came sick to London, and died soon after our arrival. Amalia and Steely had a great regard for this man, and did so little mind their loss, that they rather rewarded him the more on his death-bed, in the noblest manner. As soon as the doctor had given him up, they ordered him to be removed into an adjoining chamber, to convince him that they were not angry with him; for this was what troubled him. Shortly before his departure, I and Amalia paid him a visit. Old Steely also came, and sat down before his bed, to see his exit. He has an easy end, said he to us, and if it must be, I would willingly die with him. The dying man seemed as if he would
raise

raise himself up, and that moment a great deal of blood gushed out of his mouth, and Christian was dead. Old Steely trembled, and said, I am frightened. We endeavoured to lead him into another chamber, but he could not walk, and we were obliged to carry him. Let me have my grandfather's chair, said he, in that I will die—I feel my end approaching. The chair was brought, and was placed opposite to the window, that he could look up to heaven. He lifted up his hands and prayed, and begged us (being all present) not to disturb him. Having finished his prayer, he called his son. I feel, said he, that I am dying. My good Christian frightened me, but who can help it? Here is the key to my bureau. May God lay his blessing upon the substance I leave you and your spouse! there is not a penny wrongfully acquired in the whole. The doctor was sent for, and opened a vein, which the old Gentleman complied with

with reluctantly. But he did not bleed. He opened another on the foot, which also proved ineffectual. Behold! said he, his art is useless, when God withholds success. What hope has he now? None, answered the physician. Your honesty, said he, pleases me. Improve your few moments, said the doctor, to settle your affairs. The old man smiled—as if I had not had time these eighty years to regulate my affairs. God, continued he, may call me when he pleases, I am ready. Where are my children and dear guests? We drew near, and he took leave of each individual. O! said he, how beautiful will it be in the other world! I rejoice in expectation of it. And whom amongst you shall I first embrace there?—My sight fails me, otherwise I am quite well, quite — at these words he fainted, and soon after breathed his last.

Thus the beginning of our residence in London was chequered with sorrow, and the

the noise of the city, and the many visits proved so troublesome to us, that we resolved to spend the remainder of the Autumn and the Winter, on Steely's estate, a few miles distant from London.

We lived there six months quite content, and mostly by ourselves, except that now and then we paid a visit to the sister of Steely's late bride, and received a visit from her. She was the only survivor of that family, and lived unmarried. None, besides her, knew who my comfort was; for the other neighbours only knew him by the name of Lowenhock. This lady, tho' far from being handsome, possessed great qualifications. Amalia, she and I spent many an hour at her sister's grave, and honoured her remembrance.

The spring was now come, and many families came out of London to the country. The adjoining estate belonged to a secretary of state. He had formerly been Steely's fellow student at Oxford, and

Steely.

Steely had a mind, after so many years, to pay him a visit. He notified to him his intention. The secretary, who till then was unacquainted with Steely's return from Moscow, returned him a most affectionate answer, expressing his great desire to see him, his lady and friends, and sent at the same time his coach for them. Mr. R** was indisposed, so that we left him at home, and arrived at the secretary's a little before dinner. He received us with great civility, and Steely presented my consort to him, under his fictitious name, as his friend whom he had brought with him from Siberia. Our host obliged us without delay to sit down to table, that he might converse undisturbedly with us. We were scarce seated, and nothing but the usual compliments had passed, when the servant entered, and informed him that somebody was coming to wait on him, but he spoke so softly, that we only could hear the word Envoy. Must we then be interrupted

interrupted, said he in a passion, and went in great haste, with the servant, out of the room. We remained, and expected the new guest with discontent; but O! heaven, what a sight was that for me and the Count, when the Secretary conducted the Prince de S** into the room! we rose in some confusion, not knowing whether we should continue in the apartment. The Prince drew near to me, as if he could not trust his own eyes; he looked at the Count, and was frightened, so that he grew quite pale. The Secretary perceived nothing of this mysterious affair, and begged the Prince and us, whom he stiled his friends, to take our places at the table. The prince thanked him civilly, but told him that he had already dined, and that he was only come to take the diversion of hunting for a few hours. The Secretary promised to accompany him, but he refused it; and only desired the company of his huntsman,

man, promising without fail to sup with him. He made a bow to the company and went away. O! said my consort to Steely, where have you brought us? How will it go with me and my Countess? That is the Prince de S**——I suppose he is negotiating his king's affairs at this court, and I, I,—The Secretary returned with a dissatisfied countenance. I cannot comprehend what surpris'd the Prince so much.—He must know some of you, or at least fancy he doth. He inquired particularly after you (he meant the Count) but I told him that I was as yet unacquainted with my guests. He has been some time here, in behalf of the king of Sweden, and will probably soon return again to the army. Our host concluded from our perplexity, that something was the matter, and begged us to unravel the secret, if it was not of great consequence. I will tell the whole, said the Count, but must before hand implore protection, if I deserve

deserve it. I am Count de G***. Perhaps my misfortune has already made my name known to you. Ten years ago, I was so unfortunate, as Colonel of a Swedish regiment to be sentenced to death by a court martial. He then related the sequel, and how he had, for his security as a prisoner among the Russians, assumed the name of Lowenhoek. The Prince, continued he, is my enemy, and my condemnation was probably the effect of his revenge. I will not relate the cause that moved him to seek my ruin—that was more base in him than even his revenge. His surprise makes me think that he had given me up for dead; and who knows if the length of time has yet dispelled his hatred? If I am not, continued he, as innocent as I have told you, I wish yet to die by the Prince's persecution. The Secretary was filled with a noble astonishment at this recital, and gave the Count his hand: I will use

A a

all

all my influence at Court for your security, and will even venture my life. Stay with me! depend on my word, I am an honest man. I will go and meet the Prince, and at my return I will tell you what to do. Pray relate meanwhile all the particulars of your fate, for I see our appetite for eating is gone. We did so. I am your friend, said the Secretary, and I will say no more; but I will prove it. He went to fetch the Prince, and begged us mean while to divert ourselves in his garden. There we expected him between fear and hope, and were almost determined to slip away without leave. At length we saw him with the Prince enter the garden, and my heart was in a tumult at the sight of him. The Prince stepped directly up to the Count who stood still with downcast eyes, and embraced him, having paid his respects to me and Amalia. I am your friend, said he, even tho' I have not always been so, and I wish you might become

come mine. We thought you were all dead. I know that you have suffered injustice in the army, and it remains with you what satisfaction you will demand. None, answered the Count, but what you have already granted, viz. that I am innocent, and not undeserving of the king's favour. You are so deserving, replied the Prince, that I will promise you two things before hand, in his name—If you will return with me to Sweden, and to the army, I offer you the office of General. This will be the best refutation of the blame cast upon you as Colonel. If you decline this, stay here, and I will solicit the king to appoint you Swedish Envoy at this court after my return. Say yes, my lord! that I may have the satisfaction to convince you, that I esteem you, and would fain redress what is past. The Count declined both. I am satisfied that you are my friend, and that you will introduce me into the king's favour; I desire

fire no more. Should I venture again into the world in pursuit of happiness, and perhaps become unhappy again? I will finish my life without public employment. The Secretary mixed at last in the conversation, and our apprehensions were lessened. Whether his rage was glutted, or that his conscience had tormented him, so much is certain, that he testified the whole evening uncommon joy, that the Count was still alive, whom he had thought dead so many years. My consort behaved in such a noble manner, as if he had never wronged him. The Prince took leave that evening, because he purposed to be in London very early the next morning. If you are my friend, said he to the Count, then come and see me this week, or I will come to you. The Count promised, but could not perform it; the time was come that I should lose him the second time. For that night he fell ill of a fever. The next day we hastened home,
and

and the Count grew very weak, and in a few days so emaciated, that he despaired of life. For nine or ten days I never stirred from his side, and strove to keep him against the will of destiny itself—so much I loved him. Three days before his death, he wished the Prince might visit him. He came. Do you see, said he, that I do not want the king's favour any more? I only want to take leave of you, and to convince you, that I die your friend. The Prince was so affected and ashamed, that he could scarce answer.

He remained half an hour at his bedside, pressed his hand, and asked whether he could not serve him with any thing else besides sympathy? The Count grew so weak, that he could scarce speak, and begged the Prince to withdraw. The Prince went away greatly troubled, and did not venture to take leave of me. The next day the Count recovered from his sleep for an hour. Amalia, Steely and Mr. R**,

who was himself indisposed, drew near to him. I was almost gone, said he, to me. O my dear ! to die is not hard ; but to leave you and my friends is bitter. I die ; and leave my spouse to you Mr. R**. That very day he died. I will not attempt discribing my deep affliction on this occasion. He was an instance of conjugal love, great even to excess. I now found some solace in my tears, which had not allowed me any comfort for many weeks, and Amalia wept with me, instead of comforting me. Mr. R** meanwhile kept his bed, and even this increased my sorrow. Steely alone studied my peace, and constrained me, after the best part of the the year was past, to return to London.

The first thing I met with there was an interview with the Prince. He was about leaving London, and condescended, in the Secretary's company, to pay me the compliment of condolence. After two days

days he returned, and intreated me to give him a petition to the king, for recovering my consort's confiscated estates. I complied, merely that I might not offend him. That very day the Secretary of state paid me a visit; I will, said he, in few words tell the reason of my visit. I am now a messenger from the Prince, and know not what success I shall meet with. Do you know that his consort died some years ago? He wishes to bring you in her place, as his spouse, to Sweden, and nothing is more certain than that he loves you even to distraction. In short, he hopes to learn by me, whether he may hope or not. Now I have discharged my commission, and you need not be under the least restraint in returning an answer. Steely, Amalia and R** were present, when he made the proposal, and Mr. R** was exceedingly frightened, as if he had already lost me. I was astonished at the temerity of the Prince, and returned the Secretary

no

no other answer than this. Here is my
 consort, pointing at Mr. R**. He was
 indeed so valuable in my eyes, that I
 should certainly have preferred him before
 all others, if I could have prevailed upon
 myself to marry again. And perhaps I
 should have had affection or weakness
 enough to do it, if he had lived longer.
 He died soon after of his long illness,
 and the sorrow I felt on that occasion,
 was a striking proof to me, how tenderly
 I had loved him.



F I N I S.

